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SPECIMENS OF THE BRITISH POETS ;

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES, AND AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THIS long-promised work has at length been given to an expectant public ; and has added a new treasure to our literature, and a fresh wreath to the chaplet of the author. As in the tragedy of Macbeth we have looked impatiently for the elucidation of the supernatural predictions, so have we longed for the result of the advertised specimens of the British Poets, selected by one of the greatest living ornaments of British Poetry ; but our simile will go no further—it is by keeping the word of promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hopes, that Birnam Wood doth come to Dunsinane “ a moving forest ;” while it is by achieving more than the word of promise both to the ear and hopes that these volumes come towards us—a *moving library* !

Mr. Campbell has very closely adhered to the plan adopted by Mr. Ellis. The latter has a very interesting introductory historical sketch of the rise and progress of the English poetry and language, equivalent to the present Essay on English poetry, and naturally treading over the same ground. But Mr. Ellis confines himself to our earlier bards, and stops at the era of 1716, while Mr. Campbell brings down his memoirs, remarks, and specimens, to the time of the late Mr. Anstey, author

of the Bath Guide. He also goes much more at large into our dramatic poetry, and has produced a greater body of critical observation, and that of the highest order. Indeed the perusal of his first volume, which contains the Essay, in three parts, will show that his skill as a critic and commentator is not inferior to his genius as a poet ; and from the canons he has laid down may be surmised the extent of acumen, labour and knowledge which have contributed to render his poetical productions so free from blemishes as they appear to the world. True ease in writing comes from the exercise of these qualities, and few persons are aware of the rugged steps by which the polished line or flowing thought is attained.

Before we proceed to the mass of poetry from Chaucer, Gower and Lydgate, to Darwin, Beattie, and Anstey, we have to request the attention of our readers to Mr. Campbell's introductory volume. He commences his inquiry with a memorable epoch in English history.

“ The influence of the Norman Conquest upon the language of England was (he finely says) like that of a great inundation, which at first buries the face of the landscape under its waters, but which at last subsiding, leaves be-

hind it the elements of new beauty and fertility. Its first effect was to degrade the Anglo-Saxon tongue, to the exclusive use of the inferior orders; and by the transference of estates, ecclesiastical benefices, and civil dignities, to Norman possessors, to give the French language, which had begun to prevail at Court from the time of Edward the Confessor, a more complete predominance among the higher classes of society. The native gentry of England were either driven into exile, or depressed into a state of dependence on their conqueror, which habituated them to speak his language. On the other hand, we received from the Normans the first genius of romantic poetry; and our language was ultimately indebted to them for a wealth and compass of expression, which it probably would not otherwise have possessed."

The change from the Anglo-Saxon to the English language, Mr. Campbell considers (with probability as well as argument on his side) to have been gradual, and not abrupt as has been maintained by preceding writers. He thinks the period of transmutation may be reckoned at about half a century, dating from 1165. Layamon, whether called a Saxon or English writer, certainly exhibits a dawn of English; and St. Godric, in 1170, possesses a similar character.

But as municipal privileges began to be extended, giving occasion for popular discussion and eloquence; as property and security increased among the people; native minstrelsy revived, and the language improved.

"The Minstrels, or those who wrote for them, translated or imitated Norman romances; and, in so doing, enriched the language with many new words, which they borrowed from the originals, either from want of corresponding terms in their own vocabulary, or from the words appearing to be more agreeable. Thus, in a general view, we may say that, amidst the early growth of her commerce, literature, and civilization, England acquired the new form of her language, which was destined to carry to the ends of the earth the blessings from which it springs."

This admirable remark is followed by details of the progress of our native tongue thro' its earliest works of romance and history, in which literature contributed by jejune efforts to exalt the character of chivalrous life: and

"Thus (says the author) the dawn of human improvement smiled on the fabric which it was ultimately to destroy, as the morning sun gilds and beautifies those masses of frost work which are to melt before its noon-day heat.

"In 1155 Wace finished his *Brut d'Angleterre*, which is a French version of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of Great Britain*, deduced from Brutus to Cadwallader, in 689. Layamon, a priest of Earnesley upon Severn, translated Wace's *Metrical Chronicle* into the verse of the popular tongue; which may be considered as the earliest specimen of metre in the native language, posterior to the conquest; except some lines in the *Saxon Chronicle* on the death of William I. and a few religious rhymes, which, according to Matthew Paris, the blessed Virgin was pleased to dictate to St. Godric the hermit, near Durham."

Layamon's language is truly neither Saxon nor English, and the records of our literature during the 12th century are both scanty and uncertain. Nor indeed can we bring much more forward of the century which succeeded. Ballads founded on memorable events, such as "*Richard of Almaine*," written after the battle of Lewes, probably about 1264, and a ballad on the execution of Sir William Wallace and Sir Simon Fraser, certainly before 1314; — *Devout Legends*, *Chronicles*, witness Robert of Gloucester, 1280, *Satires*, for example, the *Lord of Cockayne*, and love songs, were all prevalent in these days. Of the latter, some, though quaint, are not destitute of beauty, and such a stanza as the following (which is only stript of its antiquated spelling) would do honour to any period however refined:

For her I love I cark and care,
For her I love I droop and dare!
For her love my bliss is bare,
And all I wax war.

For her love in sleep I slake,
For her love all night I wake :
For her love mourning I make
More than any man.

The fourteenth century is somewhat more prolific. As Robert of Gloucester (the English Ennius) had brought down our history to the time of Edward I., Robert Mannyng, called from his monastery de Brunne, gave the world a rhyming Chronicle in two parts, compiled from Wace and Peter de Langtoft, who wrote his entire history to the end of Edward the First's reign, in French rhymes, which de Brunne translated and carried on to 1339.

English romance may be said to have commenced towards the end of the 13th Century; about which period 'Horn-child' appeared. In this department we do not seem to have many original claims, nor to have improved on our French models. Adam Davie, who wrote his 'Battle of Jerusalem' in the reign of Edward II. in his account of the siege, makes Pilate challenge our Saviour to single combat; and he was one of our earliest versifiers least indebted to a foreign foundation. It was not surprising that the public, of the 14th age, became as tired of these romances which inundated them, as we of the 19th age are of indifferent poetry of other kinds, but similar in monotony and mediocrity. Yet there were then, as now, better productions, and *Le bone Florence* is deservedly eulogized by Campbell as well as Ritson.

The celebrated "Visions for Piers Plowman," ascribed to Robert Langlande, a secular priest, appeared, it is conjectured about 1362, or thirty years before that glorious epoch which is marked by the publication of the *Canterbury Tales*. Of this curious work we shall quote part of Mr. Campbell's condensed analysis.

"The general object is to expose, in allegory, the existing abuses in society, and to inculcate the public and private duties both of the laity and clergy. An imaginary Seer, afterwards described by the name of William, wandering among the bushes of the Malvern hills, is overtaken by sleep, and dreams that

he beholds a magnificent tower, which turns out to be the tower or fortress of Truth, and a dungeon, which we soon after learn is the abode of Wrong. In a spacious plain in front of it, the whole race of mankind are employed in their respective pursuits; such as husbandmen, merchants, minstrels, with their audiences, begging friars and itinerant venders of pardons, leading a dissolute life under the cloak of religion. The last of these are severely satirized. A transition is there made to the civil grievances of society; and the policy, not the duty, of submitting to bad princes, is illustrated by the parable of the Rats and Cats. - - - In the 3d and 4th Cantos Mede or Bribery is exhibited, seeking a marriage with Falsehood, and attempting to make her way to the courts of justice, where it appears that she has many friends, both among the civil judges and ecclesiastics. The poem after this becomes more and more desultory. - - The appearance of the visionary personages is often sufficiently whimsical. The power of Grace, for instance, confers upon Piers Plowman, or "Christian Life," *four stout oxen*, to cultivate the field of Truth; these are Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the last of whom is described as the gentlest of the team. She afterwards assigns him the like number of stots or bullocks, to harrow what the Evangelists had ploughed; and this new horned team consists of Saint or Stot Ambrose, Stot Austin, Stot Gregory, and Stot Jerome."

The verse of Langlande (if he be the author) is alliterative, without rhyme, and of triple time. His style has a vulgar air, and his ideas seem coarse; yet, as Mr. C. justly observes,

"The mind is struck with his rude voice, proclaiming independent and popular sentiments, from an age of slavery and superstition, and thundering a prediction in the ear of papacy, which was doomed to be literally fulfilled at the distance of nearly two hundred years."

Chaucer, his poetry, and all that relates to him, are too generally known to require our dwelling upon the ap-

pearance of this father of the British Muse. He is supposed to have been above 30 years of age when *Piers Plowman* was published. The accomplished Gower wrote during the reign of Richard II. in the 16th year of which the *Confessio Amantis*, his only famous work as an English poet, was produced.

With the notice of this bard, Mr. Campbell concludes the first part of the three into which he has divided his Essay on English Poetry; and as this affords us a fit opportunity for breaking off, we shall for the present content our-

selves with having introduced to our readers one of the most delightful publications of our time. The soundness of the criticisms are only surpassed by the easy and natural flow of the language, raised occasionally with the subject into comparisons and similes of surpassing force and beauty. An elegant and accomplished mind; a poetical feeling of the finest tact; and a fund of information—spread stores for instruction and admiration over every page.

To be continued.

From the Literary Gazette.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

LONDON 1819.

We are reminded of the devoirs we ought long ago to have paid to this entertaining volume, by the extraordinary sensation which we observe its publication on the Continent has occasioned. It is not for us now to say that we cannot tell what anecdotes of Buonaparte are true, what false; but if internal evidence may be depended upon, at least the latter half of this book is deserving of credit: and as it seems to be recognized as genuine in France, where Madame Durand, one of the ladies of the bedchamber to Maria Louisa, has put her name to it as the author, we can have little hesitation in believing that it is truly what it pretends to be. At all events it is very amusing, and we proceeded to glean a few of its many piquante and original anecdotes:—

HE was fond of knowing all the little scandalous anecdotes relative to his courtiers, and he took a particular pleasure in jeering husbands on the adventures of their wives. Having in this way discovered an intrigue of the Duchess de Bassano—"Well," said he, one day, to the Duke, "your wife has a lover, it seems."—"I know it, Sire."—"And who informed you?"—"Herself, Sire; and for that reason I do not believe it." The Emperor, disconcerted by this reply, struck his forehead with his hand, and said, "Ah! how artful! how adroit these women are!"

It was the Duke de Rovigo who had given the information which the Emperor wished to make use of in teasing Bassano. Napoleon repeated the Duke's reply to him. "The story is not the less true," said Savary. "It is

certain that, on such a day, and at such an hour, the Duchess left her carriage, in the Champs Elysées, hastened to get among the trees, and after walking there for about five minutes, entered by a private door, which was designedly kept half open, where General *** was waiting for her."—"I know all that," replied the Emperor; "I knew it before you told me: but you should also have informed me, that the Duchess was, in about a quarter of an hour after, followed by another lady, in whom you have a greater interest, and who made a visit to the same general's aide-de-camp." The fact was correct, and the tale-bearer was not a little disconcerted to find that the last-mentioned lady was his own wife.

The masked ball was a favourite amusement of Napoleon. He never failed to ascertain beforehand the disguise to be assumed by those females with whom he wished to intrigue; and as he knew all the scandalous anecdotes and secret intrigues of his court, he took a wicked pleasure in teasing the ladies, and alarming their husbands and lovers. He never scrupled to plant the seeds of discord and division in families, provided he could attain his object, namely, to amuse himself, and to prove that no adventure could be so cautiously conceived as to escape his knowledge.

On the Emperor's reaching the Saxon territories, he enquired whether many fugitives had been seen there, and received for answer, "No, Sire, you are the first."

He was fond of splendour and magnificence on all public occasions, though it was his wish that economy should be observed in the interior of his household. As he was once journeying to Compeigne, finding that his carriage did not proceed so rapidly as he wished, he let down the window and exclaimed to the lancemen who accompanied him, "*Plus vite ! plus vite !*" Caulaincourt, who, in quality of grand squire, preceded the Emperor in another carriage, thrust his head out at the window, and declared, with an oath, that he would dismiss all the lancemen if they offered to quicken their pace. The horses accordingly proceeded at a moderate trot. When the Emperor reached Compeigne, he complained of the tardiness of his journey: "Sire," replied Caulaincourt, very coolly, "allow me more money for the maintenance of your stalls, and you may kill as many horses as you think fit." Napoleon changed the conversation.

One day, whilst he was breakfasting with the Empress, he asked one of the ladies in waiting, what might be the expense of a *pâté*, which was upon the table. "Twelve francs to your Majesty," replied the lady, good-humouredly, "and six francs to a citizen of Paris." "That is only saying I am imposed upon!" returned Napoleon. "No, Sire, it has always been customary for Sovereigns to pay more than their subjects." "I do not understand that," exclaimed the Emperor, emphatically, "I must inquire into this business." In short, he frequently entered into details of domestic economy, which are

sometimes neglected by private individuals.

On another occasion, being in the Empress's apartments, he found he had forgotten his handkerchief, and one belonging to Maria-Louisa, which was elegantly embroidered and trimmed with lace, was presented to him. He asked one of the ladies what it might cost: "Sire," said she, "it is worth between 80 and 60 francs." He made her repeat the words a second time, as though he had misunderstood her. "Well," said he, "if I were a lady in the service of the Empress, I would steal one of these handkerchiefs every day: why it would be worth all the emoluments of your situation!" "It is fortunate, Sire," replied the lady, with a smile, "that her Majesty is surrounded by persons less disinterested than you seem to imagine."

One morning that one of his Chamberlains, related to the first nobility of France, was in the anti-chamber of the Emperor's closet, the latter called him, and asked for a book. "Sire," said the Chamberlain, "the Valets are gone out, but I will call them." "I do not ask them," replied Napoleon, "I ask you: What difference is there between them and you? They have a laced green livery, and you have an embroidered red."

When Buonaparte, then first consul for life, wished to take the title of Emperor, his brother Lucien opposed himself to the project with all his power; and finding his efforts unavailing, "Your ambition knows no bounds," said he; "you are master of France, you wish to be master of all Europe. Do you know what the result will be? You will be smashed to pieces like this watch—" flinging his watch violently upon the floor.

SKETCHES OF A LATE TOUR IN FRANCE.

Extracted from the Monthly Magazine.

A MAN who, at fifty years of age, travels for the first time into a foreign country, may be said to be born again. His fixed native habits, and

feelings must be discarded, and he has to acquire the habits and feelings of a comparatively new existence.

Such was my case when, in August

1818, I landed at Dieppe, after a tedious voyage from Brighton.

The moment the pilot-boat approached the packet, I felt the strong impressions of reality in regard to what had previously been but a vague conviction. The crew of the French boat afforded a volume for meditation. They appeared to me like creatures of another planet: they looked like automata moved by wire,—because every thing connected with them differed so much from my ordinary associations in regard to the human character. Their coarse dress, their coloured woollen caps, the clumsy equipment of their vessel, its imperfect cordage, its awkward sails, and the uncouth technical jargon and brawling vociferations of the crew, produced an impression altogether new to one unused to see a foreign people, and all the results of different habits thus combined in one totality.

The approach towards Dieppe was particularly grand and imposing. There is a fine bay, several miles across, bounded by headlands of perpendicular white cliffs, and varied by an intermixture of low shores, with similar cliffs, exhibiting a country covered with corn-fields and cultivation. The whole was a fairy scene of castellated cliffs, mixed with industry, of which I had not seen the like on the English coast, except in the cliffs at Seaford and Dover; but even these are no-where so well displayed, nor are they so varied and intermingled in their aspects with other pleasing objects.

At the custom-house they were exact but courteous. The ladies were examined by a female, and the gentlemen by a *gendarme*. Our trunks and packages were opened, and loosely looked through; but nothing was said or done which was calculated to give us offence. In twenty minutes from our landing, we were seated comfortably at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*.

In the mean time, every thing which I had seen had filled me with astonishment from its difference, and with delight from its novelty. I had been in most parts of the United Kingdom, yet I had seen nothing which, in its *tout-*

ensemble, was like Dieppe and its inhabitants.

My constant exclamations were, “all this change and yet so short a distance!” “Every thing so different, yet but a few hours’ voyage!”—The change seemed, indeed, the work of magic: it was like the transformation of a pantomime, or I might have fancied myself in a dream. The structure of the houses, all of stone, and so lofty, and so massive; the enormous tile roofs, many with two or three tiers of windows in them; the ornamental style of the architecture; the clumsy carpentry and smithery; the change of language, and tones of exclamation; the singular and grotesque dresses of the people, particularly of the women; the shops for the most part without windows; the peculiarities of the names and occupations of their owners; the difference in their mode of exhibiting their wares, and of doing business, altogether produced an effect on my mind which I cannot describe without an appearance of affectation, and which, to be accurately conceived, must be felt on the spot.

It should, however, be observed, that Dieppe is a peculiar place. It was burnt by the English during the foolish and wicked wars between William the Third and Louis the Fourteenth. Some English captain blasphemously imagining that THE ETERNAL takes part in the ephemeral contests of weak princes, piratically burnt Dieppe, as a supposed service to God; and Louis, to make the people amends, as a more worthy service, rebuilt the town in its present uniform and superb style. To conceive of it, we must imagine streets of stone houses, in form like Warburton’s Madhouse at Hoxton, or like the garden-front of Hampton-Court Palace, with pointed roofs, instead of flat leads.

If Louis, however, built the shells of the houses in a good style, it is clear he did not finish them, for nothing can be more discordant than their original architecture and their finishing. Many windows, to this day, have never been glazed, and the completing and finishing of all of them would disgrace the mean-

est village in England. From there being no small houses, those who are not rich occupy the several floors of large ones : and hence, there is a mixture of splendour with poverty, that is more offensive to the eye than any totality of wretchedness. Thus, these large houses are often disfigured by broken windows, by windows mended with paper or wood, or stopt with rags ; and they often exhibit linen hanging out to dry. There is also in all the houses a deficiency of paint, and that used is generally of a dull grey or lead colour. Nevertheless, the streets of Dieppe have a general air of magnificence, and are more picturesque than most towns of the same size in England.

We landed in the afternoon, and ordered a dinner in the French style, with an assortment of wines to which an English palate is not accustomed. I never witnessed greater variety, greater profusion, and greater comfort, in a repast suddenly prepared at an inn, at a total charge of only six shillings per head. My curiosity stimulated me, without loss of time, to sally forth alone through the town. Report in England had led me to suppose that there was hazard in this adventure ; but I experienced neither rudeness nor incivility. I was in every sense a true *John Bull* ; and the attention which every object drew from me, proved that I was among the last importations. Yet, except the words *un Anglais*, repeated five or six times by one to another, no notice was taken of me ; and to some questions in *eloquent* bad French, I received from various persons very courteous answers.

The streets are not free from noisome smells ; many of the people are dirty and ragged, yet their manners delighted me : they resembled one happy family. I saw in Dieppe scenes for the golden age, worthy of the pencil of a painter and the sympathy of a poet. The evening was fine, and around every door and every shop the families were seated in sociable groupes. Some were talking, others reading ; many women were at work with their needles, while a few had their suppers set out, consist-

ing chiefly of fruits, bread, and wine. Comfort and tranquillity seemed to exist in every groupe, while every thing was orderly and interesting. Thus to pass their evenings seemed to be the custom of the place, for I saw several hundred such parties scattered through the town, and frequently ten or twelve in a circle, consisting of husband, wife, children, and neighbour-visitors. These people, said I, are not English, but they are not less estimable for being French,—they live differently from us, but not worse : they have not our habits, which, as such, we love ; but they have their own, which, as such, equally merit their esteem. To live, to be comfortable, to be happy, is the object of human instinct in all countries, and the ends are attained by different means, according to climate and other local circumstances. The difference in the means constitutes no ground of superiority ; and we are all of us so much the creatures of our native habits, that few men are qualified to decide truly on the instances in which *differences* in the habits of nations are improvements or deteriorations.

I returned to my inn ; and, as early going to bed and early rising are among the habits of the French, which unquestionably merit commendation, we soon retired to bed. The fashion of a French house is very striking to an Englishman : lofty and superbly papered rooms, without carpets, and paved with red polished tiles of a square or octagonal shape—beds placed against the wall, with suspended canopies, and no counterpanes—stone stair-cases, clumsily constructed, like those of an English church—a profusion of large looking-glasses—elegant cabinets and clocks—awkward chairs and tables—French windows, with heavy carpentry—clumsy fastenings to the doors—bad locks—wretched knives and forks—and fire-places adapted to burn wood,—constitute some of the chief differences which, for a few days, strike the eye of an Englishman.

In the morning I repeated my walk through the town, with the same impressions of satisfaction, and visited the

Boulevards, or public walk, which is wisely attached to every French town, serving the purpose of recreation and healthful exercise.

It was a market-day, and the extensive market-place afforded me matter for prolonged observation. It was thronged with buyers and sellers: the latter afforded specimens of the people of the country, within eight or ten miles. In costume, nothing could be more grotesque to an Englishman, it being so different from that of his own country. Perhaps, however, these are quite as good, and certainly are no subject for ridicule; but they are simply different from one another, because, when the Normans and English were separated four hundred years ago, the taste of one people led the fashions one way, and that of the other another way. Either may now laugh at the other,—a wise man from the surprise occasioned by the differences, and an unthinking person from making the customs of his own country the standard of perfection. I saw plenty of wooden shoes; they are in fashion among the country people, and are, I am told, very warm and dry. There were a majority of leather ones, but I question whether those accustomed to wooden shoes would exchange one for the other, particularly in the winter season. On the whole, the market-people were substantially as well dressed as the same description of the population of England, and every face wore an air of cheerfulness and content.

I busied myself a long time among them. I walked from groupe to groupe, and from stall to stall, to collect traits of character. Every thing was decent and orderly: there were no disputes, no undue noises, no scolding matches, no brawls, no women with arms a-kimbo, and no clenched fists among the men. The market could not have been more abundant in the Jews' land of Canaan. There seemed to be a profusion of every necessary and luxury; and, with reference to English prices, every thing was very cheap. Peaches, figs, and all the delicate fruits of the season, were at a-third of the English prices, which was highly gratifying to one who desires to live, as far as possi-

ble, without destroying conscious existence, and violating the individual love of life.

Neither the girls of the country here assembled, nor the women of Dieppe, were in any degree so handsome as the generality of females in England. I should fear that even this opinion might be a national error; but I believe it is also an admission of the French of both sexes, in regard to their country-women generally. Nor is the notion just that French women have more vivacity than English women. I saw no instances of the kind in the unsophisticated crowds in this market, nor in any of the assemblies, public or private, in which I subsequently mixed in France. The women of England are not less remarkable, when abroad, for their general beauty, than for their spirit and vivacity; and, in the public walks of Paris, a female is recognised as English by her fine complexion, her symmetry of features and form, and the vivacity of her air, without being obliged to speak aloud in her native language.

It merits notice, that the women of Normandy and Picardy have, in some degree, a fixed costume; the most striking feature of which is their head-dress. Nine out of ten of the women of Dieppe wear a cap with long flying lappets, and generally with a wire crown. A few decorate these caps with lace, or with gold or silver trimmings; but the majority wear them plain, with no other covering to the head.

The streets of a town, and a market-place, filled with women in such singular caps, give of itself a feature of novelty to the scene. But there are other peculiarities in regard to the female sex in France, which, as they first struck me at Dieppe, I will mention in this place. The women do not, as in England, employ themselves solely in household and nursery affairs; but they mix themselves with all the cares of their husbands, and assist them in their trade and business, whatever it be. Thus they are continually found in the counting-houses and shops; and they know as much, and often more, of the details of a trade than their husbands. In Dieppe, every variety of shop and

trade had a woman assisting in it, who from her appearance, might generally be considered as the mistress of the family. At a blacksmith's shop, for instance, I saw a neatly dressed woman, with a very clean cap, shoeing a horse; and, passing a second time, I saw her filing at a vice. I expressed my astonishment to the neighbours, but they seemed rather disposed to laugh at me than join in my laugh at the woman. I learnt that she was a widow, and thus kept up her husband's trade to rear a large family. In Paris I complimented the pretty wife of an eminent bookseller for her knowledge of the prices of paper, printing, and engraving, in which she several times corrected errors of her husband. I remarked, that the French ladies must have great talents thus to learn a trade in the honey-moon, which

had employed their husbands during an apprenticeship of seven years; and that I supposed she would be equally expert at any other trade, if, on becoming a widow, she married a husband in some other line. "Ah! Monsieur," said she, "we endeavour to assist our spouses in every way in our power—it is our only pleasure—their cares are our cares, and their interests are ours—and, if it is our calamity to become widows, and we meet with another good husband, we do the best we can for him also." This was the exact sentiment; I heard the same from others, and I can affirm that, although there are not so many handsome French women as English, no women in the world are more generally interesting—are so industrious and thrifty—or more attached wives or affectionate mothers.

To be continued.

RELICS OF POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

From the European Magazine.

THE PARIAH OF BOMBAY.

TOWARDS the brilliant hour of sunset, in a spring evening, one of the noblest Brahmins in this island appeared on a parapet of rocks extending into the bay, and began the ceremonies of the cocoa-nut feast by throwing a gilded shell into the sea.* In a few moments the waves swarmed with more than a thousand shells launched as tributes to the bountiful element, while the shore resounded with the joyous clamours of tom-toms, pipes, trumpets, and the double flutes played by rough boys, resembling the young satyrs in antique bas-reliefs. Booths, gaily festooned with dyed cotton or splendid chintzes, and heaped with toys and sweetmeats, gave amusement to groups composed of every nation, class, and cast, in their best attire. But even the Brahmin who presided at this harmless superstition was not more disposed to good humour than Ibrahim

Ahmed, a Dustoor or high-priest of the sect called Guebres or Parsees, in India. He was still in the prime of life; his eminently graceful figure derived every possible advantage from the folds of his long white muslin Jamma, and the gay colours of the shawl which twined round his cap of crimson velvet, suited the laughing character of his face, while they contrasted the clear olive of its complexion. Accustomed to the festivities of the best Europeans in Bombay, and to the frank amenity of their opinions, he looked with more curiosity than contempt on the pageant of Hindoo bigotry. While tame snakes, and jugglers from Madras, amused his companions, his eyes were attracted by a female Pariah, one of the most reprobated class of outcasts. She held in her hand a lamp of fireflies, and was wading into the tide in quest of the cocoa-shells that swam near the shore; hoping, perhaps, to collect a few whose fibres might be used for cordage. Though her person was bowed by the constant drudgery of her unhappy class, and defiled by squalid habits, there was something in

* Both the sun and the sea are worshipped by these idolaters. Their burial-place is a square open repository.

the arrangement of the shaliet contrived to answer the purpose of a petticoat and mantle, which revealed modesty and natural grace. And when she threw back the corner of this shalie, whose ragged ends had been gathered over her head as a veil, the beautiful black eyes beneath it made the Dustoor Ibrahim half regret the dignity of his own station. He thought with more than usual bitterness of the superstition that consigns the Pariahs to utter ignominy, and perhaps these thoughts occupied him so long that he forgot the *Atshbaharam*, or holy fire, which he ought to have kept alive. Those who recollect the objects of a Guebre's superstition, know that a fire-temple contains two fires, one of which the vulgar may behold, but the other is preserved in the most holy recess, unvisited by the light of the sun, and approached only by the chief Dustoor or high-priest. It was necessary to remedy its extinction by fire brought from a funeral pile, and at this period Ibrahim knew not where to seek one, as his sect no longer burned their dead, holding it more advisable to return the body to air, by exposing it, than to earth, water, or fire. But as the Hindoos of Bombay burned human relics on the shore at low water, he folded himself in his shawl, and went forth to seek the materials from whence he might lawfully rekindle the consecrated fire so precious to a Guebre.

It was midnight when Ibrahim began his walk towards a cemetery on the shore, seldom visited at this hour, except by wild dogs; but the superstition of his sect had made these animals holy in his imagination, and he saw them with the feelings of friendliness, excited by his belief, that a dog would preserve his soul from evil spirits if present when he closed his eyes for ever. Ibrahim never started till he saw a skeleton-hand stretched to snatch one of the baskets of provisions which had been scattered as usual, by his orders,†

† The Shalie, among the common class of native females, is a long piece of coloured silk or cotton wrapped round the waist, leaving half one leg bare.

‡ Perhaps this veneration for dogs, is peculiar to Indian Guebres, because they have a tradition of their escape from shipwreck, caused by the barking of dogs, when they emigrated to India.

for the wandering dogs. Presently, from beneath the cocoa-nut tree which over-shadowed the entrance of the cemetery, he saw a meagre woman creep towards a little mound of leaves, on which a child was lying. She offered some of the boiled rice she had found in the baskets to its lips, but they could not open. The miserable mother held it to her breast an instant and dropped it on the earth again, as if then conscious of its death. She heard the howlings of the famished dogs, and throwing them the rest of the food, more anxious to preserve her infant's remains than herself, the Pariah laid a few of the freshest leaves together, and seemed preparing a grave among the urns and obelisks that adorn the burying place, when she saw Ibrahim standing near her. Aware how horribly the profanation of such holy ground might be avenged on a wretched outcast, she fled with a dismal shriek among the entangled cocoa-trees, and the good Guebre took up the body, determining to give it the most sacred funeral rites in consecrated fire. Covered in his robe, he brought his prize to the chamber of his priestly office, and looking on it more steadfastly, perceived that it still lived. He had, according to the custom of his sect, only one wife, and she was childless. This infant boy justified the eastern proverb, which compares what is most lovely, to the loveliness of a child. An eastern poet would have compared its beauty as it lay in seeming death, to the Indian Cupid slain by Seeva. Ibrahim was skilled in medicinal science, and the weakness caused by famine was soon remedied. His wife consented to adopt the foundling, whose shape and features gave no indication of that coarseness usually found in the offspring of Pariahs; and the foster-father was careful to conceal whatever might raise a suspicion of its abhorred origin. His mansion was one of the most splendid in Bombay, and its gardens were now made delightful to him by the gambols of his new favourite. These gardens were watered, as is customary in the East, by means of a cistern, whose wheel was kept in constant motion by a

buffalo. Ibrahim walked one day under his canopy of plantain trees, wreathed with yellow roses, and inhabited by crouds of singing-birds, and admired the freshness of his shrubs, till he perceived the cistern which supplied them was worked, not by a beast of burden, but by female Pariah. The human particles, even in the Guebre's heart, were touched by this cruel spectacle; but his disgust was changed to surprise, when he heard that she had solicited the employment. He directed his superior servants to remove her to a detached apartment of his mansion, where several of her cast were busied in grinding rice, and performing the lower culinary offices. Chandela, as she was called, distinguished herself by the neatness of her labours; and it was soon remarked, that the rice-cakes she prepared for Ibrahim's adopted son, were her favourite tasks. The boy loved honey, and as no hives were near, his foster-father was surprised to see his breakfast-table regularly furnished with a small quantity. The poor outcast had traced a bee, and lodged its nest among the moonflowers in his delicious garden to supply an addition to his luxuries. She brought the delicate winged creature which most resembles the humming bird, to build its house on the fan-leaf of the palmyra-tree for his adopted son's amusement, and spent hours in chasing away the tree-snake and cobra-manilla from among the jasmine and scarlet mulberries, where he loved to play. Ibrahim was a learned and sincere Guebre, but he knew very little of human nature. He believed the fixed and deep contempt which his religion taught him for an outcast, was too strong to need defence; and had never guessed that men always begin to love whatever beautifies and enriches their felicity. As a Parsee, he was privileged to take another wife, having no hope of progeny by the first: but the infamy attached to a Pariah, the utter ruin of his adopted son, if his origin should be discovered, and his own high station, determined him either to resist, or banish the tempter. He made a thousand wise resolutions, and kept them

all till he heard Chandela's voice again. Ibrahim's wife, married in her seventh year, and deprived of any motive to improve, was as indolently insipid as the ladies of a Bombay harem are usually found. Plaiting coloured threads, embroidering, making pastry, and chewing betel, had composed the history of her whole life, except when she awakened herself sufficiently to paint her eye-brows, and load the hems of her ears with jewels. When the roots of her hair, the palms of her hands, the soles of her feet, and the tips of her nails, were tinged with red, and her nose had its appropriate jewel, she was considered a Parsee-beauty of the first class, and by none more undoubtingly than herself. Therefore she looked with very contemptuous eyes on Chandela; but in the dullness of a life, which like Mahomet's angels was composed only of sweetmeats, it was really some amusement to be jealous. Little Ahmed, as the adopted boy was called, had so much love for the poor Pariah, that no rebuke could prevent him from stealing among the remote shrubberies, or into the hut where she ground rice, to teach her all he learnt from the handmaids of the harem. She was soon able to play on his guitar, to thread beads, and above all to read the beautiful maxims ascribed to Chee, the Confucius of the Parsees. Ibrahim's wife saw her new talents with affected pleasure, and asked her to sing for her amusement. Chandela complied with a voice of such sweetness, that she might have been mistaken for one of the female deities of music worshipped in the East, and was recompensed by a present of flowers and *paung*. The latter, consisting of chunam and betelnut, wrapped in the leaf of an aromatic plant, is a compliment implying distinguished kindness, and cannot be refused without the highest affront. Chandela placed it on her forehead, and had opened her lips to receive its contents, when the playful boy snatched and attempted to taste them. The outcast mother uttered a scream of terror, and seizing the poisoned gift from her son's hand, swallowed the whole.

Ibrahim saw and understood this

touching scene. He had read the purpose of his wife's malignant jealousy in her large stag eyes; and well aware that the sweetmeat she had poisoned had been exchanged by his own hand for a harmless mixture of ghee, poppyseeds, and sugar, left his house immediately to execute his own project. In the nearest bazaar lived a barber, whose gup or news-shop was famous for good story-tellers and audacious buffoons. At that hour of night which brings the greatest troop of listeners to such shops, a new assistant appeared in this noted barber's, and the first customer who presented his head to be shaven was a plump merchant of great weight in the Panchait or village council of the Parsees. The new operator bowed with profound reverence three times, and made a long pause before he began his functions with a gravity so strange as to provoke a question. "Sir," said the buffoon-barber, "I was thinking of Chreeshna's cream-pot and butter-ball;* and also I am trying to recollect how many ton may pass through the cleft of the penitent's rock." "Thou art but a lean fellow," returned the merchant rather angrily, "but if thou wert measured by the weight of thy sins, I reckon nothing less than Jagger-naut's bridge would let thee pass." "Truly," said the Barber sighing, "my neighbour, the rich merchant Ibrahim, is no fatter than I, yet he has marvellous need of a wide hole to creep through, if his sins are to be counted by inches and packed round him." The honest merchant opened his eyes and ears with the avarice of curiosity at this hint, and sat with his new-shaven head bare more than an hour, while the barber arrived after a prodigious preamble, at the best part of his story. "If your worshipful excellence will promise not to call me as a witness before the Parsee council, you shall hear a most strange secret. Ibrahim has corrupted his conscience with running among the English rajahs, who wear scarlet bajeas and black fans;

and making mockery of our Brahmins, has taken a Pariah into his garden-house to be his second wife." The president of the Parsee council uplifted his eyes, and a tailor dropped the scissors he was exercising with his toes, to attend more precisely. "Not content with this," continued the barber, "which we Hindoos should think deserving a thousand bastinadoes, he has taken his first poor wife by force from her muslin-chamber, and compelled her to wear the old garments of the Pariah, to draw water and carry pitchers, while the outcast wears pearls on her forehead, dips her hair in rose water, and calls herself Ibrahim's first wife."—"Friend," said the merchant, "when your prophet Veeshnu churned the sea, he brought forth seven things; a sun, a moon, an elephant, a physician, a horse, a cup of good liquor, and a woman; and in my secret opinion, two of these seven might have been spared."—"Not the elephant," returned the barber with imposing gravity, "for he resembles a most honourable gentleman; but there is no need of a physician with a cup of good wine; and the woman and the moon together are enough to make any man mad." The large counsellor smiled with exquisite complacency, and departed to tell all he had heard of his neighbour.

Before the next eve, as he expected, Ibrahim was summoned by the council of his sect to answer for his offences, and surprised them by making no defence. As chief Dustoor of the Parsees, no heavy penance was required of him, except a fine of six thousand rupees, especially as he consented to re-establish justice in his household. Proper messengers accompanied him home to enforce it;* and his wife, notwithstanding her shrieks and resistance, was compelled to assume the garments of a Pariah. It was in vain she reproached him with his infidelities and treasons; the good Parsees assured her the whole truth of her real station was now confessed by Ibrahim himself; and

* A large cistern and round fragment of rock are celebrated by these names at Mahaballipooram, near Arjoon. In Bombay there is a cloven rock through which penitents of all sizes endeavour to pass as a purgatory.

* The Guebres make no scruple at admitting men into the apartments of their women, who enjoy more liberty than other sects, though very little more education.

Chandela's meek amazement when desired to put on her rival's rich attire, was ascribed to the stupifying effects of some malignant drug. The poisoned betel nut which had been prepared for her, and which was found by Ibrahim's contrivance in his jealous lady's chamber, seemed to confirm this supposition; and the influence of magic is still so firmly believed by modern Parsees, that no one would have doubted even a transfer of shapes and features. At least, none presumed to contradict the High Dustoor; and he had the pleasure of elevating the Pariah to his side, while his angry and revengeful wife suffered due punishment in the drudgery and degradation of an outcast. But she suffered them only a few days: her kinsmen lived in the island of Ceylon, and she fled in the night, as it was supposed, to seek their protection.

This lady's flight, as Ibrahim had sufficient sense to seek no second addition to his harem, placed him in perfect peace with his new wife. She was, indeed one of those gentle creatures to whom the Hindoo scripture has assigned the first place in Heaven; and her husband's affections remained constant to her without aid from the emerald, the ruby, or any of the amulets to which the poetic superstition of India has given power. Their adopted boy grew in loveliness; and at his eighth year was betrothed, according to the custom of the Parsees, to a little bride some months younger. This festival always sumptuous in Bombay, was celebrated with the pomp proportioned to Ibrahim's wealth and rank. The palanquin of these young sacrifices to the deity of marriage, shone with gold brocade and wreaths of jewels, as it passed through streets carpeted and canopied with embroidered cloth, towards gardens whose superb trees resembled pyramids of light. But though the sagest astrologers had been consulted, and the happiest aspect of the stars observed, a fatal interruption awaited them. At the entrance of a bazaar richly illuminated by Ibrahim's order, where crouds of all ranks were feasted with sherbet and confectionary, among

booths filled with musicians and tumblers, a squalid woman suddenly sprung into the street, exclaiming, "My son!—give me my son!"—the procession stopped in consternation, more caused by the pollution of an outcast's touch, than by her incredible claim; and Ibrahim, startled by the shrill tones of a voice he remembered too well, perceived his discarded wife in the dress of a Pariah. He instantly conceived the extent of her revengeful purpose, but it was too late to defeat her. Availing herself of his own stratagem, Bomanjee uttered dismal lamentations, and tearing asunder the rich curtains behind which the boy sat loaded with chains of pearl, attempted to grasp him in her arms. The father of the infant bride, thunder-struck at this base blot on the bridegroom's origin, demanded a pause in the nuptial rites, till the truth could be made manifest. Seeing Ibrahim pale, trembling, and unable to answer, he snatched his adopted son from the palanquin, and advanced to throw him into the embrace of his pretended mother, when Chandela, leaping from her husband's, caught her son from his arms, repeating, "I am the outcast—he is mine."

Notwithstanding the horror of Hindoos at that execrated name, the spectators were silenced by the sacred agony of a mother, and by their eager curiosity to see the rival claims decided. Ibrahim entangled in his own devices, could not recant what he had confessed before his brother counsellors; he could not deny that he had called Bomanjee an outcast, and that young Ahmed was a stranger's son. All that seemed doubtful now was, to which of these unhappy women the disputed boy should be assigned; and the noblest Parsees agreed it should be left to his decision. Bomanjee's eyes glared with malignant joy; for in the days of her splendor she had often loaded him with fruits and garlands of flowers; but he had not forgotten the patient cares, the secret caresses, and constant love of his true mother, as he sprang into her arms. She hid her face on his; and dropping the rich mantle she had worn

as Ibrahim's wife, stole one sorrowful glance at her husband, and departed among the darkest trees. No one presumed to arrest or follow her steps. A kind of surprise, such as results from some unexpected gleam of brilliant light, had been excited even among the most vulgar, by the nobleness of this unhappy mother. Ibrahim, though he felt that she had willingly sacrificed splendor and honour to save her son, also felt that she had sacrificed him; and had proved her affection as a wife, inferior to her fondness as a parent; and his consternation was not unmingled with resentment. But while he paused, the kindred of his revengeful Bomanjee completed the measures they had prepared for his misery. Instigated by their eloquence and their bribes, the most zealous Brahmins had placed themselves in readiness to seize their victim. Abandoned to their ferocious power by all the creeds and all the customs of the Hindoos, the miserable outcast was brought back to suffer the ordeal by which their superstition pretends to discover those who are really Pariahs, or outcasts from the gods. Conscious of his own indiscreet duplicity, fearful of the disgrace which vehement interference might draw on his own head, and unnerved by the habitual indolence of a selfish life, Ibrahim satisfied himself with silent regret while the Brahmins conveyed their victim to Carli, intending to exhibit her fate as a terrible evidence of their power, and an atoning sacrifice to their goddess Kali.* Ibrahim heard Kali named with a frightful and remorseful consciousness of the death designed for Chandela and her son. The languor of his temperament, which, like his personal beauty, possessed more elasticity than strength, gave way to human passions; and he embarked secretly in his boat at midnight to overtake the Brahmins in their journey to their temple. He reached it safely a few hours after their arrival, and pitched his tent at the foot of its

tremendous seat. With no attendants he ascended the piles of rock sheltered by wild groves of mango trees on the road to Carli. All was dark when he reached the mouth of its giant cave, and hid himself among the arched niches which form its portico. The spectacle within would have awed a stronger spirit. Hewn in the solid rock, three aisles formed by twenty-one enormous pillars supported a coved roof resting on ribs of teak-wood undecayed by six hundred years. A few torches gleaming in the corridors, shewed him the gloomy extent of this mountain-temple, in which no image of any deity interrupted its magnificent simplicity. The shadow of a single priest emerging from his cell behind the pillars, seemed to represent the littleness of man in the chambers of his creator: but Ibrahim thought only of his purpose, and questioned the stranger in a faltering voice concerning Chandela and her son. The priest replied, "We are *Jines*, and this cavern is dedicated to a purer and more ancient religion than the Brahmins. We believe our God all-wise, all-seeing, all-productive, and all-happy—without name, without shape, without tribe, love, or weakness. The man who can attain these perfections will soon behold God, is already in his presence, and will be united to him. Thy Chandela would have nothing to fear from us. We believe the world eternal, therefore we hold it sinful to attempt destruction; we believe all things governed by necessity, therefore we blame nothing except adultery and theft, which never can be needful. Go in peace." He offered Ibrahim food, but of a very simple kind, for their creed excludes animal-meats, milk, and honey: informing him that the Hindoo priests had probably named the cave of Carli to mislead his search, while they performed their melancholy rites on the shore. Dreading to find them completed, Ibrahim descended into a deep and dismal valley, opening by a narrow pass into the sea, which encompassed a small island near its mouth, as low and dark as the abhorred isle of Sangor, famous for human sacrifices. Two Brahmins an-

* This tremendous deity (the wife of Seeva) receives many victims still between the shores of Calcutta and the isle of Sangor, where her ruined temple stands. Her votaries are deemed happy if seized by the sharks which wait around it.

swered his enquiries by intelligence that they had already disposed of Chandela according to her doom; but the next hour would decide whether her son should belong to them, or to the miserable *cast* of his mother. Breathless and aghast with fear of this decision, Ibrahim stood among the crowd, while the votaries of Hindoo superstition approached in garlands of flowers and scarlet robes, bringing in a magnificent litter the unfortunate boy designed for an offering to Kali. Beautiful and rosy in the sleep procured by opium, they placed him in the centre of the road, strewing cusa-grass, oil, and milk, upon his garments. Citarrs and trumpets mingled with the heavy sound of a triumphal car containing the idol Kali, represented by a gorgeous mass of ebony studded with rubies, drawn by an elephant of rare beauty. Certain that the infant's death would be decided if the wheels of this vehicle pursued their way, Ibrahim saw only one desperate expedient in his power to save it. He had seen this elephant in Ceylon when driven by its hunters into the trap prepared for it, and had given it liberty by drawing out the stakes which prevented its escape.* Trusting to the grateful sagacity of this noble animal, he threw himself with his face upward before the sleeping boy in the road of the idol's chariot, an action which the Brahmins saw without displeasure or surprise, as believers expect honour on earth and immortality in heaven from its touch. Not a breath was heard among the spectators, and the music sunk into the softest sound of the flutes used to charm the rock-serpent and cobra-capella, lest it should disturb the sleeper: but when the wheels had rolled within a foot pace, the elephant suddenly paused, fixed his mild eyes on his former benefactor, and raising the nearest wheel with his trunk, passed him and his slumbering boy in safety. A long and deep cry escaped

the crowd, the lamps were suddenly extinguished, and Ibrahim felt himself raised from the earth, muffled in his shawl, and conveyed away in a kind of litter. He began to fear that his rashness had only changed the child's fate and his own into a more lingering misery, as the Brahmins profess to believe that those over whom their divinity passes without a touch, are reprobated for ever. Many hours and many changes in his conveyance passed before the veil was taken from his eyes. They beheld a stupendous chamber resting on columns of rock illuminated by a thousand lamps. The flat roof, the turbaned capitals of the pillars, and the threeformed god, whose face sparkled with jewels amongst a crowd of inferior images, informed him that he stood in the cavern temple of Elephantata; and the linen scarfs and zenaars* worn by those who surrounded him, announced the highest order of Brahma's priests. One of superior stature and aspect held the hand of a woman covered with a silver veil, and addressed Ibrahim in these words:—

“No part of nature displays its creative power to every eye, nor do we expose the vital principle of our religion to the vulgar. We reserve it for those who merit our care, and are capable of receiving its fruits. Thyself and this woman Chandela are among the chosen number:—she was once a portion of the vilest class, but thy bounty has made her worthy to convert thee, as the clay that has become fragrant by dwelling near the rose, may form a vase to preserve it. Why should a being capable of such glorious self-sacrifice, bow to the deity of one element, when he might behold the author and governor of all?—He who is moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, breath in the winds, and the invisible soul of all men!—Such is the divinity we worship—such the principle of a religion which the perverse ignorance of the multitude compels us to dress in awful and fantastic mysteries,—Receive this woman as thy

* A modern traveller says, the elephant-kraal, or trap, resembles a funnel, several hundred feet in length, and divided into three chambers, the last and smallest of which is guarded by strong posts or stakes driven into the ground, and men holding bundles of lighted straw. Two tame elephants are usually employed to lead the captive out, oppressing him with all their weight, and sometimes beating him with their trunks, while his groans and resistance express his indignation.

* The zenaar, or Brahminical thread, is composed of three cotton threads, each 48 yards long, twisted together, folded, and thrown over the left shoulder.

wife, and her son shall be as thine own. We devote them to our God in winning thee from thy darkness, and our offerings to his altar are generous and faithful hearts."

* * * * *

The smile which our pastor's romance

might have excited, was suppressed by the benevolent enthusiasm of the narrator. After a complimentary debate between the professors of navigation and jurisprudence, precedence was awarded to the latter, and the young Clerk was our next historian.

From the Literary Gazette.

GREENLAND, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MR. MONTGOMERY is so well known and so popular a poet, that few preliminary remarks would be necessary, had we time to prepare them; but as his new work is just wet from the press, we can at present do no more than introduce it, and reserve any critical observations we may have to offer for another opportunity.

Greenland, which occupies more than one half of the volume, is a serious and religious poem in five Cantos, and relating chiefly to the original settlement and progress of the Moravian Missions in that country. The appearances of nature on the voyage and in the Arctic regions of course furnish many fine occasions for poetic description; and the final loss of a people by the accumulation of the ice, is rendered more interesting by episodes skilfully interwoven, so as to tell this tale of misery.

There is much beauty and poetical feeling throughout the poem, from which we proceed, without further preface, to select a few extracts. The first canto opens finely—

The moon is watching in the sky ; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden ears ;
Ocean, outstretched with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance ;
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath ;
Where poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above and ship below appear ;
A double image, pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep ;
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west,
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

In this ship the Missionaries of 1733
are embarked, and their hopes and fears

(the general hopes and fears of mankind) are exquisitely painted in the following :

What are thine hopes, Humanity !—thy fears ?
Poor voyager, upon this flood of years,
Whose tide, unturning, hurries to the sea
Of dark unsearchable eternity,
The fragile skiffs, in which thy children sail
A day, an hour, a moment, with the gale,
Then vanish ;—gone like eagles on the wind,
Or fish in waves, that yield and close behind ?
Thine hopes,—lost anchors buried in the deep,
That rust, through storm and calm, in iron sleep ;
Whose cables, loose aloft and fix'd below,
Rot with the sea-weed, floating to and fro !
Thy Fears—are wrecks that strew the fatal surge,
Whose whirlpools swallow, or whose currents urge
Adventurous barks on rocks, that lurk at rest,
Where the blue haleyon builds her foam-light nest ;
Or strand them on illumined shoals, that gleam
Like drifted gold in summer's cloudless beam.
Thus would thy race, beneath their parent's eye,
Live without knowledge, without prospect die.

But when Religion bids her spirit breathe,
And opens bliss above and wee beneath ;
When God reveals his march through Nature's night,
His steps are beauty, and his presence light,
His voice is life :—the dead in conscience start ;
They feel a new creation in the heart.
Ah ! then, Humanity, thy hopes, thy fears,
How changed, how wond'rous !— - -

The following is a delightful reflection, though simple as nature herself :

Thus, while the Brethren far in exile roam,
Visions of Greenland shew their future home.
—Now a dark speck, but brightening as it flies,
A vagrant sea-fowl glads their eager eyes :
How lovely, from the narrow deck to see
The meanest link of nature's family,
Which makes us feel, in dreariest solitude,
Affinity with all that breathe renew'd ;
At once a thousand kind emotions start,
And the blood warms and mantles round the heart !

Greenland itself, and one of its wonders, are admirably painted.

Far off, amidst the placid sunshine, glow
Mountains with hearts of fire and crests of snow,

Whose blacken'd slopes with deep ravines entrench'd,
 Their thunders silenced, and their lightnings
 quench'd,
 Still the slow heat of spent eruptions breathe,
 While embryo earthquakes swell their wombs be-
 neath.

Hark! from yon cauldron-cave, the battle-sound
 Off fire and water warring under ground;
 Rack'd on the wheels of an ebullient tide,
 Here might some spirit, fall'n from bliss, abide,
 Such fitful wailings of intense despair,
 Such emanating splendours fill the air.
 —He comes, he comes; the infuriate Geyser springs
 Up to the firmament on vapoury wings;
 With breathless awe the mounting glory view:
 White whirling clouds his steep ascent pursue.
 But lo! a glimpse;—refulgent to the gale,
 He starts all naked through his riven veil;
 A fountain-column, terrible and bright,
 A living, breathing, moving form of light:
 From central earth to heaven's meridian thrown,
 The mighty apparition towers alone,
 Rising, as though for ever he could rise,
 Storm and resume his palace in the skies.
 All foam, and turbulence, and wrath below;
 Around him beams the reconciling bow;
 Signal of peace, whose radiant girdle binds,
 (Till nature's doom, the waters and the winds;)
 While mist and spray, condensed to sudden dews,
 The air illumine with celestial hues,
 As if the bounteous sun were raining down
 The richest gems of his imperial crown.
 In vain the spirit wrestles to break free,
 Foot-bound to fathomless captivity;
 A power unseen, by sympathetic spell
 For ever working,—to his flinty cell
 Recalls him from the ramparts of the spheres;
 He yields, collapses, lessens, disappears;
 Darkness receives him in her vague abyss,
 Around whose verge light froth and bubbles hiss,
 While the low murmurs of the reflux tide
 Far into subterranean silence glide,
 The eye still gazing down the dread profound,
 When the bent ear hath wholly lost the sound.
 —But is he slain and sepulchred?—Again
 The deathless giant sallies from his den,
 Scales with recruited strength the ethereal walls,
 Struggles afresh for liberty,—and falls.
 Yes, and for liberty the fight renew'd,
 By day, by night, undaunted, unsubdued,
 He shall maintain, till Iceland's solid base
 Fail, and the mountains vanish from its face.

A prophetic view of the people, and
 a description of the Sabbath, are not
 less interesting.

—Through the dim vista of unfolding years,
 A pageant of portentous woe appears.
 Yon rosy groups, with golden locks, at play,
 I see them—few, decrepid, silent, grey;
 Their fathers all at rest beneath the sod,
 Whose flowerless verdure marks the House of God,
 Home of the living and the dead;—where meet
 Kindred and strangers, in communion sweet,
 When dawns the Sabbath on the block-built pile;
 The kiss of peace, the welcome, and the smile

Go round; till comes the Priest, a father there,
 And the bell knolls his family to prayer:
 Angels might stoop from thrones in heaven, to be
 Co-worshippers in such a family,
 Whom from their nooks and dells, where'er they
 roam,

The Sabbath gathers to their common home.
 Oh! I would stand a keeper at this gate
 Rather than reign with kings in guilty state;
 A day in such serene enjoyment spent
 Were worth an age of splendid discontent!

We have only room for one of the
 last episodes, to which we have alluded,
 as conveying the pathetic story of the
 final desolation of Greenland.

In the cold sunshine of yon narrow dell,
 Affection lingers;—there two lovers dwell,
 Greenland's whole family; nor long forlorn,
 There comes a visitant; a babe is born.
 O'er his meek helplessness the parents smiled;
 'Twas Hope;—for Hope is every mother's child:
 Then seem'd they, in that world of solitude,
 The Eve and Adam of a race renew'd.
 Brief happiness! too perilous to last;
 The moon hath wax'd and waned, and all is past.
 Behold the end:—one morn, athwart the wall,
 They mark'd the shadow of a rein-deer fall,
 Bounding in tameless freedom o'er the snow;
 The father track'd him, and with fatal bow
 Smote down the victim; but before his eyes,
 A rabid she-bear pounced upon the prize;
 A shaft into the spoiler's flank he sent,
 She turn'd in wrath, and limb from limb had rent
 The hunter; but his dagger's plunging steel,
 With riven bosom, made the monster reel;
 Unvanquish'd, both to closer combat flew;
 Assailants each, till each the other slew;
 Mingling their blood from mutual wounds, they lay
 Stretched on the carcase of their antler'd prey.

Meanwhile his partner waits, her heart at rest,
 No burthen but her infant at her breast:
 With him she slumbers, or with him she plays,
 And tells him all her dreams of future days,
 Asks him a thousand questions, feigns replies,
 And reads whate'er she wishes in his eyes.
 —Red evening comes; no husband's shadow falls,
 Where fell the rein-deer's o'er the latticed walls:
 'Tis night; no footstep sounds towards her door;
 The day returns,—but he returns no more.
 In frenzy forth she sallies: and with cries,
 To which no voice except her own replies
 In frightful echoes, starting all around,
 Where human voice again shall never sound,
 She seeks him, finds him not: some angel-guide
 In mercy turns her from the corpse aside:
 Perhaps his own freed spirit, lingering near,
 Who waits to waft her to a happier sphere,
 But leads her first, at evening, to their cot,
 Where lies the little one, all day forgot:
 Imparadised in sleep she finds him there,
 Kisses his cheek, and breathes a mother's prayer.
 Three days she languishes, nor can she shed
 One tear, between the living and the dead:
 When her lost spouse comes o'er the widow's thought,
 The pangs of memory are to madness wrought:

But when her suckling's eager lips are felt,
Her heart would fain—but oh! it cannot—melt :
At length it breaks, while on her lap he lies,
With baby wonder gazing in her eyes.
Poor orphan! mine is not a hand to trace
Thy little story, last of all thy race!
Not long thy sufferings; cold and colder grown,
The arms that clasp thee chill thy limbs to stone.

—'Tis done :—from Greenland's coast the latest sigh,
Bore infant innocence beyond the sky.

We shall return to this volume, of which it is needless to say, after these extracts, that it is eminently poetical and beautiful.

CORNUCOPIA.

LORD BYRON.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE been much gratified with many of the literary articles in some of the recent numbers of your publication, for the first time put into my hands. They breathe a purer style, and a more poetical taste, than are apparent, according to my belief, in its sister journals of the day; the matter is more instinct with spirit, and with the glow which genius spreads over all it touches. But I know not if I have been more pleased with any papers than those which have advocated the character and poetry of Lord Byron. Him I have ever regarded as a persecuted individual—visited with a singular share of popular opprobrium—an opprobrium wielded by men, whom his talents, rather than his failings, have made his enemies,—and who, in sounding the trumpet of imputed crime, have gratified less their own respect for virtue than the latent envy of their hearts.—Despite the calumnious rumours so industriously kept afloat by them, a calm observer may trace even in those pages which teem with the dark and terrible of crime, a lofty spirit, stirring with generous emotions, and with sensibility in every nerve; a spirit which, in his search for the beautiful, often draws, rather from the type of ideal harmony in his own fancy, than from forms simply existent;—proving that the spring of his thought is a pure passion after the visions of loveliness; and, that his mind, in its productive creations, rather colours things with hues at its choice, than is coloured by them. That Lord Byron has not depicted the purely good—the Gertrudes of poetry—but Laras and Parasinas, is therefore to be attributed more to his

own caprice than his enemies are willing to allow. He might have done it—he might do it with inimitable ease; but he, probably, thought it required greater skill and insight into the human mind, to unveil the grandeur of a misanthrope, and give attraction to a pirate. There are many persons who impute the aberrations of his fancy, if such they be, to the defects of his heart, and with singular resolve and inconsistency, shut the avenues of their understandings to the thousand tender and beautiful touches which pervade his writings. I think, however, that a kindlier feeling begins to shew itself in the public mind towards this noble bard; his absence from his country—the certainty that he has suffered much—the spirit which has refused to bend to suffering—and the firmness which has supported him under unprovoked severity; sorrow—song—feeling—pride—genius—have tempered with pity the acrimony of the past. He who can read, with a cool heart and an unwet eye, many passages of the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*,—his lingering love of country amidst the sunny waters of the Adriatic and the festivities of Venice—the mournful and melancholy remembrances of Roman glory in the ruined Coliseum—and the terrible yet pathetic apostrophe to the midnight Nemesis, wherein the fire and feelings of past emotions—the hopes of youth—the disappointments of manhood—regret, anguish, and injury are livingly concentrated—who can pass, Levite-like, unmoved, these wrestlings of grief with majesty, *his heart I envy not*, but pity as a thing unloving and unlovely.

Above all other writers Lord Byron speaks to the heart: it is this which he robes with the garment of his own emo-

tion ; there *his* hope revels—*his* anguish stings—*his* passion beats : it is *his* spirit and not Lara's which dares us to forget. *His* individuality haunts our sympathy, and blends with our being. His words have alternately the tears and the sunshine, the thunder and the lightning of heaven : his thoughts are sensation, and his pictures materiality. His flowers, and streams, and mountains, have a sorrow—a beauty—a tenderness of their own ; they are instinct with life, or charged, like Ossian's, with a music most unhappy. After reading Childe Harold, or the Corsair, one can do nothing ; it absorbs and unnerves us. A lady once observed to me, " Moore's Lalla Rookh I can take up and lay down ; I can take up a work of theology and read with equal attention ; but I must have a night's sleep after reading Lara or the Corsair." Perfectly original and isolate in every thing, though he sometimes condescends to use the thoughts of others, and though he writes in the measure in which others have written, passing into his hands like certain chemical combinations, they form a new compound entirely unique. His verse is neither the verse of Pope, of Denham, of Dryden, nor of Goldsmith, but a constellation of the strength and grace of all, with superadded harmony, and a more pervading impetuosity. Neither is his Spenserian stanza, the stanzas of Spenser, of Thomson, or of Beattie ; but fluctuating in a wider compass and variety of cadence, more loftily wielded, with an Olympic majesty, and magnificence, more abrupt, but more sonorous, mellowed into a finer and a fuller flow of beautiful sounds and concords more deeply enamouring the ear, and touched to sweeter and to grander issues. His Alexandrine is not " the wounded snake," of Pope, but the mellifluous motion of an undulating river—the rapid rush of the " arrowy Rhine," or the dark swell of the stormy ocean. It is in them that the ripple breaks, or the booming billow bursts—that the expanded image concentrates into energy, and the purposed wisdom speaks morality to man. Successful,

therefore, as he is in this, I cannot so well admire those instances in the fourth Canto of Childe Harold, where the sentence does not close with the stanza, but is continued through three or four. In describing indeed the tortuous boilings and angry agitations of the veline cataract, the line may be permitted to labour and hang suspended for an instant, like the stone of Sisyphus, particularly as the recoil becomes thereby more jarring ; but it is a daring originality, which in other cases, and in another than a master's hands, would be liable to censure. If, however, nothing new is attempted, nothing new will be gained. It is the privilege, if not the passion, of genius, to be eccentric, and in consideration of the innumerable shades which his eccentricity kindles into beauty, we may

" Here and there forgive a brave neglect."

For my own part, I cannot take up a work of genius without merging the critic in the reader. It is the spider which turns to venom the honey that it tastes. Let us rightly value the Sun of Song while he is yet with us to illumine our spirit with his own warm tints—to shed around creation his paradise of light. A time will come when his glory must depart into shadow. Then the things who have been busy in heaping wrongs upon his head, who have sought to whiten by his side, without sharing in his sorrow, will affect to weep over his ashes and pause when it is too late in the career of contumely. The men who neglected to alleviate the misfortunes of the *living* BURNS, are raising to the dead statues of stone. But we will build our statue whilst it is yet day : *Nunc exheret.* For myself, I cannot refrain from avowing, that I consider it a glory in my life, that I live in the age of Lord Byron ; and instead of darting the sting, like some prying insects of the day, " to probe a bosom too severely tried," I would soothe it with a tear, and drop over the victim of grief the mantle of Timanthes.

Woburn, Feb. 27. J. H. WIFFEN.

CURE FOR SUPERSTITION.

Miners are known to be a superstitious race. Their superstition, however, is sometimes made a pretext for idleness. There is a recipe for curing this species of the disorder. In some extensive mines in Wales the men frequently saw the Devil, and when once he had been seen, the men would work no more that day. The evil became serious, for *Old Belzebub* repeated his visits so often, as if he had a design to injure the proprietor. That gentleman at last called his men together, and told them that the Devil never appeared to anybody who had not *deserved* to be so terrified, and that as he was determined to keep no rogues about him he was resolved to discharge the first man who saw the Devil again. The remedy was as efficient as if he had turned a stream of holy-water into the mines.

HOPE

predominates in youth, who are always less willing to indulge in unpleasing thoughts, than to contemplate their probable share of unhappiness in the period before them. The world to them appears enamelled, like a distant prospect, whose beauties are so heightened by the reflection of a setting sun, that its inequalities are only to be discovered upon a much nearer inspection.

ILLUSTRATION OF AN ARABIAN PROVERB.

The Arabians have a proverb—“*How cheap the camel would be if that cursed thing did not hang on its neck,*” which is said to have originated in the following circumstance:—An Arab, who had a vicious camel, swore, in a passion, that he would sell it for a dirhem, or his wife should ever be barren. He soon repented of his vow, yet to keep to the letter of it, he thought of this curious method of breaking it in spirit. He hung a cat round the camel's neck, and then had it cried, “The camel for a dirhem, the cat for 400, but both must be bought together.” The passengers exclaimed—“*How cheap the camel would be if that cursed thing were not hung round its*

neck. And this speech is since become a proverb, which is applied to things seemingly cheap, but which can only be acquired through great sacrifices.

ANTICIPATION.

The anticipation of happiness to come, often affords more pleasure than the absolute possession of it, and is at all times the most certain enjoyment; as we hope in *idea* what we are not always doomed to experience in *reality*. The spring is therefore a pleasanter season than the summer: The first whets the appetite by promises, the latter dulls it by performance.

HOLSTEIN NIGHTINGALES.

To a person coming at once from England, says a recent traveller (Dr. Clarke), the appearance is new and strange; but that which offered the greatest novelty to our party, was the loud and incessant chorus of myriads of frogs, the whole way from Lubeck to Eutin. To call it croaking, would be to convey a very erroneous idea of it, because it is really harmonious; and we gave to these reptiles the name of *Holstein Nightingales*. Those who have not heard it, would hardly believe it possible for any number of frogs to produce such a powerful and predominating clamour. The effect of it, however, is certainly not unpleasing; especially, after sun-set, when all the rest of animated nature is silent, and seems to be at rest. The noise of any one of them, singly, as we sometimes heard it near the road, was, as usual, disagreeable, and might be compared to the loudest quacking of a duck; but when, as it generally happened, tens of thousands, nay millions, sang together, it was a choral vibration, varied only by cadences of sound, something like those produced upon musical glasses; and it accorded with the uniformity which twilight cast over the woods and waters.

ANECDOTES.

In the Corsican war, the inhabitants of the Island took a French officer prisoner, and were going to hang him: but the latter addressed them, “You probably imagine that by hanging me you will cause the King my master much

sorrow. With respect to myself, I am prepared for every thing ; but so much I must say, that the King of France will not trouble himself in the least on my account, and that he will not even know that you have hanged me." 'Nay, if this be the case,' replied the Corsicans, 'we will not hang you !'—(*From the unpublished collection of Abbé Morellet.*)

The painter, Vernet, relates that somebody had once employed him to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape, with St. Jerome in the entrance, but when he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made, but St. Jerome is not in the cave." 'I understand you, sir,' replied Vernet, 'I will alter it.' He therefore took the painting and made the shade darker, so that the Saint seemed to sit farther in. The gentleman took the painting, and it again appeared to him that the Saint was not in the cave. Vernet then wiped out the figure and gave it to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers to whom he shewed the picture, he said, "Here you see a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in his cave." 'But we do not see the Saint,' replied the visitors. "Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the possessor, "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards farther back, and am therefore quite sure he is in it."—*Ib.*

Morand, author of *La Capricieuse*, was in a box of the theatre during the first representation of that comedy ; the pit loudly expressing disapprobation at the extravagance and improbability of some traits in this character, the author became impatient, he put his head out of the box and called, "Know, gentlemen, this is the very picture of my mother-in-law. What do you say now ?" *Ibid.*

A hunting groom advertises in the *Morning Post* of Saturday, for a place of service, and says as he has "never lived with any but gentlemen of the

greatest respectability, he hopes none but such will apply" !

EPITAPHS.

Nothing is more barbarous than those mixtures of verse and prose, of Latin and English, of narration and commonplace morality, which appear in our churches and church-yards. A Gothic arch, supported by Corinthian pillars, or a statue with painted cheeks, and a hat and wig, could not be more absurd. I never heard of a Greek inscription at Rome, or a Latin one at Athens. Latin is, perhaps, more durable than English, and may therefore be used in those inscriptions which we place on the foundation stones of bridges, &c. for these it is presumed will not be read till a thousand years hence, when all our modern languages will probably be unintelligible. But I cannot but think that English epitaphial inscriptions, exposed to wind and weather, will be understood quite as long as they can be read. As to the species of composition best adapted for the purpose, Boileau says, that epitaphs "*doivent être simples, courtes et familières.*" One of the most simple and pleasing specimens I have ever met with is the following, copied from a tomb-stone in the church-yard of Runcorn, in Cheshire :—

This stone was erected by Æneas Morrison, the husband of Janet Morrison, to designate the spot where her remains are deposited ; that her infant children, when they shall have attained a more mature age, may approach it with reverential awe, and pledge their vows to Heaven to respect her memory by imitating her virtues.

There is a beautiful thought, coarsely and ungrammatically expressed upon a stone in Edgbaston church-yard, over the remains of an idiot girl ; which has been thus versified :—

If the *innocent* are favorites of Heaven,—
And God but little asks where little's given,—
My Great Creator hath for me in store
Eternal joys ! what wise man can have more ?

On a tablet in the garden of Newstead Abbey, the ancestral residence of the Byron family, are the well-known "Lines to the memory of a Newfoundland Dog," preceded by this singular inscription :—

Near this spot
 Are deposited the remains of one,
 Who possessed beauty without vanity,
 Strength without insolence,
 Courage without ferocity,
 And all the virtues of man without his vices :—
 This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery,
 If inscribed over human ashes,
 Is but a just tribute to the memory of
 Boatswain, a DOG
 Who was born in Newfoundland, May, 1808,
 And died in Newstead, Nov. 18, 1813.

RELIGION.

It is surely impossible to understand the doctrines of our religion and not wish, at least, that they may be true ; for they exhibit the most exhilarating

views of God and his providence ; they recommend the purest and most perfect morality ; and they breathe nothing throughout but benevolence, equity, and peace ; one may venture to affirm, that no man ever wished the Gospel true, who did not find it so.

NOVEL PUNISHMENT.

The Emperor Claudius was so fond of backgammon, that Seneca says his punishment in hell will be to play continually with a bottomless dice box—*Ludere pertuso fretillo et fugientes tesserarum semper quærere.*

BOWDICH'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

From the Literary Gazette.

MISSION FROM CAPE COAST CASTLE TO ASHANTEE, WITH A STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF THAT KINGDOM, AND GEOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF OTHER PARTS OF THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA. BY T. EDWARD BOWDICH, ESQ. CONDUCTOR. London 1819.

ASHANTEE, a powerful kingdom, and Coomassie, its capital, a city of one hundred thousand souls, within nine days' journey of our settlements on the coast, were, till within these few years, only generally known to us by name, and we believe, that not fifty individuals in England had ever formed the faintest idea of the barbaric pomp and magnificence which this volume unfolds, nor of the state, power, wealth, and political condition of the Ashantee nation, (only one of many similar which people the interior of Africa) until the original account of it, from the pen of one of the persons employed on this occasion, appeared in the Literary Gazette. Except by loose report, we may indeed say that until Mr. Bowdich came before us, we knew nothing of this vast continent beyond its shores and rumoured deserts. His narrative seems to carry us to a new and crowded world, and imagination could hardly produce any forms more strange and wonderful than the true description which he gives us of realities. We will introduce the account of these marvels by a short preface of the circumstances which led to the mission.

"The Ashantees, in 1807-1811, and 1816, invaded the nation of Fantees,

whose population lay about our settlements on the coast, and in the course of the wars, by which they nearly exterminated their miserable adversaries, not only threatened but attacked our forts. Cape Coast Castle was besieged, and it was only by paying a tribute that the savage conquerors were bought off. After this it was deemed expedient to send an embassy to Coomassie, in order to negotiate a treaty of alliance with a monarch so dangerous and potent as *Sai Tootoo Quamina*, King of the Ashantees. Presents, &c. being prepared, Mr. James, Mr. Bowdich, Mr. Tedlie, and Mr. Hutchison, were dispatched on this conciliatory errand, under the guidance of an Ashantee called Quamina, whose women accompanied him, and gave more trouble than all the rest of the suite. They left Cape Coast on the 22d April 1817, and proceeding by Annamaboe, struck into "the bush," or forest, for the interior. They crossed many streams and swamps, and appear to have journeyed along a path cut through an otherwise impervious wood. Their usual mode and lodgings may be gathered from a few brief extracts.

"We halted in the woods, at a spot where our guide Quamina was busied

in cutting down the underwood, to accommodate himself and his women; the bearers, resolute in their perverseness, had gone on with our provisions and clothes. The ground of our resting-place was very damp, and swarmed with reptiles and insects; we had great difficulty in keeping up our fires, which we were the more anxious to do after a visit from a panther: an animal which, the natives say, resembles a small pig, and inhabits the trees, continued a shrill screeching through the night; and occasionally a wild hog bounced by, snorting through the forest, as if closely pursued.

"The doom and iron-wood trees were frequent; the path was a labyrinth of the most capricious windings, the roots of the cotton trees obstructing it continually, and our progress was generally by stepping and jumping up and down, rather than walking; the stems or caudices of these trees projected from the trunks like flying buttresses, their height frequently 20 feet. We were also frequently obliged to wait the cutting away of the underwood before we could proceed even on foot."

"The path was sometimes trackless, and appeared to have been little used since the invasion of 1807; several human skulls were scattered thro' this dark solitude, the relics of the butchery."

Thus they travelled through the desolated Fantee country, where, however, the charms of nature are displayed in uncommon beauty and majesty; and next crossed the country of the Assims, or Assins, tributary to the king of Ashantee. On the 5th of May they reached the frontier of the latter kingdom, the first croom or town belonging to which is called Quesha. Here a small river, the *Bohmen*,

"Is said to instil eloquence, and numerous Ashantees repair annually to drink of it: it flowed in a very clear stream, over a bed of gravel, and was three feet deep and eight yards broad."

Still the country was not open, but well watered, thickly peopled, and full of towns. The path was now more regularly cut, and almost resembled that of an European shrubbery for neatness,

while it was, in parts, eight feet wide. At Fohmannee, a town a little in advance of Quesha, "we," says the narrative,

"Stopped awhile at the request of a venerable old man, who regaled us with some palm-wine and fruit: his manners were very pleasing, and made it more painful for us to hear that his life was forfeited to some superstitious observance, and that he only waited the result of a petition to the king to commiserate his infirmities so far as to allow him to be executed at his own croom, and to be spared the fatigue of a journey to the capital: he conversed cheerfully with us, congratulated himself on seeing white men before he died, and spread his cloth over the log with an emotion of dignity rather than shame. His head arrived at Coomassie the day after we had."

Their arrival, thus mentioned in rather slovenly language, is next described:—

"Two miles from Agogoo, we crossed the marsh which insulates Coomassie; the breadth at that part forty yards, and the depth three feet. Being within a mile of the capital, our approach was announced to the king, who desired us by his messengers, to rest at a little croom, called Patiasoo, until he had finished washing, when captains would be deputed to conduct us to his presence. Distance $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Courses $N.\frac{1}{8}$, NNW. $\frac{1}{8}$.

"We entered Coomassie at two o'clock, passing under a fetish, or sacrifice of a dead sheep, wrapped up in red silk, and suspended between two lofty poles. Upwards of 5000 people, the greater part warriors, met us with awful bursts of martial music, discordant only in its mixture; for horns, drums, rattles, and gong-gongs, were all exerted with a zeal bordering on phrenzy, to subdue us by the first impression. The smoke which encircled us from the incessant discharges of musquetry, confined our glimpses to the foreground; and we were halted whilst the captains performed their Pyrrhic dance, in the centre of a circle, formed by their warriors; where a confusion of flags, English,

Dutch, and Danish were waved and flourished in all directions ; the bearers plunging and springing from side to side, with a passion of enthusiasm only equalled by the captains, who followed them, discharging their shining blunderbusses so close, that the flags now and then were in a blaze ; and emerging from the smoke with all the gesture and distortion of maniacs. Their followers kept up the firing around us in the rear. The dress of the captains was a war cap, with gilded rams' horns projecting in front, the sides extended beyond all proportion by immense plumes of eagles' feathers, and fastened under the chin with bands of cowries. Their vest was of red cloth, covered with fetishes and saphles* in gold and silver ; and embroidered cases of almost every colour, which flapped against their bodies as they moved, intermixed with small brass bells, the horns and tails of animals, shells, and knives ; long leopards' tails hung down their backs, over a small bow covered with fetishes. They wore loose cotton trowsers, with immense boots of a dull red leather, coming half way up the thigh, and fastened by small chains to their cartouch or waist belt ; these were also ornamented with bells, horses' tails, strings of amulets, and innumerable shreds of leather ; a small quiver of arrows hung from their right wrist, and they held a long iron chain between their teeth, with a scrap of Moorish writing affixed to the end of it. A small spear was in their left hands covered with red cloth and silk tassels ; their black countenances heightened the effect of this attire, and completed a figure scarcely human.

" This exhibition continued about half an hour, when we were allowed to proceed encircled by the warriors, whose numbers, with the crowds of people, made our movement as gradual as if it had taken place in Cheapside ; the several streets branching off to the right, presented long vistas crammed with people, and those on the left hand being on an acclivity, innumerable rows of heads rose one above another : the large open porches of the houses, like

the fronts of stages in small theatres, were filled with the better sort of females and children, all impatient to behold white men for the first time ; their exclamations were drowned in the firing and music, but their gestures were in character with the scene. When we reached the palace, about half a mile from the place where we entered, we were again halted, and an open file was made, through which the bearers were passed, to deposit the presents and baggage in the house assigned to us. Here we were gratified by observing several of the caboceers pass by with their trains, the novel splendour of which astonished us. The bands, principally composed of horns and flutes, trained to play in concert, seemed to soothe our hearing into its natural tone again by their wild melodies ; whilst the immense umbrellas, made to sink and rise from the jerkings of the bearers, and the large fans waving around, refreshed us with small currents of air, under a burning sun, clouds of dust, and a density of atmosphere almost suffocating. We were then squeezed, at the same funeral pace, up a long street, to an open-fronted house, where we were desired by a royal messenger to wait a further invitation from the king. Here our attention was forced from the astonishment of the crowd to a most inhuman spectacle, which was paraded before us for some minutes ; it was a man whom they were tormenting previous to sacrifice ; his hands were pinioned behind him, a knife was passed through his cheeks to which his lips were noosed like the figure of 8, one ear was cut off and carried before him, the other hung to his head by a small bit of skin ; there were several gashes in his back, and a knife was thrust under each shoulder-blade ; he was led with a cord passed through his nose, by men disfigured with immense caps of shaggy black skins, and drums beat before him ; the feeling this horrid barbarity excited must be imagined. We were soon released by permission to proceed to the king, and passed through a very broad street, about a quarter of a mile long, to the market-place.

" Our observations *en passant* had

* Scraps of Moorish writing, as charms against evil.

taught us to conceive a spectacle far exceeding our original expectations ; but they had not prepared us for the extent and display of the scene which here burst upon us : an area of nearly a mile in circumference was crowded with magnificence and novelty. The king, his tributaries, and captains, were resplendent in the distance, surrounded by attendants of every description, fronted by a mass of warriors, which seemed to make our approach impervious. The sun was reflected, with a glare scarcely more supportable than the heat, from the massy gold ornaments, which glistened in every direction. More than a hundred bands burst at once on our arrival, with the peculiar airs of their several chiefs ; the horns flourished their defiance, with the beating of innumerable drums and metal instruments, and then yielded for a while to the soft breathings of their long flutes, which were truly harmonious ; and a pleasing instrument, like a bagpipe without the drone, was happily blended. At least a hundred large umbrellas, or canopies, which could shelter thirty persons, were sprung up and down by the bearers

with brilliant effect, being made of scarlet, yellow, and the most showy cloths and silks, and crowned on the top with crescents, pelicans, elephants, barrels, and arms and swords of gold ; they were of various shapes, but mostly dome ; and the valances (in some of which small looking-glasses were inserted) fantastically scalloped and fringed ; from the fronts of some, the proboscis and small teeth of elephants projected, and a few were roofed with leopard skins, and crowned with various animals naturally stuffed. The state hammocks, like long cradles, were raised in the rear, the poles on the heads of the bearers ; the cushions and pillows were covered with crimson taffeta, and the richest cloths hung over the sides. Innumerable small umbrellas, of various coloured stripes, were crowded in the intervals, whilst several large trees heightened the glare, by contrasting the sober colouring of nature.

* *Discolor unde auri per ramos aura refuleit.* "

Our limits compel us to break off abruptly, but our extracts from this curious work shall be resumed in our next.

BIOGRAPHY.

From La Belle Assemblée, May 1819.

THE LATE LORD ROKEBY.

HAVING been dissuaded in early life from a marriage with a widow burthened with seven children, Lord Rokeby devoted himself to a life of celibacy and retirement : not that he wholly secluded himself from society ; he received his friends and neighbours very hospitably, but never returned their visits. He was in the habit of attending the market of Hythe, for the purpose of buying and selling cattle, of which he was a good judge ; and sometimes went to Canterbury and to Maidstone ; on which occasions he hired a post-chaise, though he usually accompanied the chaise on foot, being a great walker.

During the last twenty years of his life he let his beard grow long ; while his long white hair, floating on his back and shoulders, gave him a patriarchal,

venerable, but very extraordinary appearance. He seldom wore a hat, but always carried one of antique form under his arm : and he is said to have looked singularly ill with a hat on. His coat, of good fine cloth, was old fashioned : his waistcoat was of swansdown, without a back, with tapes to keep it up ; his stockings were of coarse yarn, without feet, excepting enough to cover the heels, and thereby prevent the stockings from riding up. His shoes were of thin leather, with remarkably thick soles, and so very long, that they never would have kept on had they not come up very high.

Lord Rokeby had long given up the use either of bed or body linen : he wore flannel shirts with sleeves, to which were tacked the old-fashioned appendage of ruffles : he changed them three times a week. He slept in the very finest new blankets, which were chang-

ed every three weeks in summer, and every six weeks in winter. They then were washed and passed to the servants' beds as required; their old blankets being distributed amongst his poor. He always washed in salt water, never using any kind of soap, and dried himself with a flannel towel. He was very fond of bathing; and used to remain very long in a cold bath, in a grove near the house. He rose at five; and passed much of his time out of doors, beginning the day by drinking some water from a favourite spring near the house, fetching it himself or watching the servant who went for it, that he might be sure of its freshness. Latterly his breakfast consisted of beefsteaks, of which he was very fond. He never tasted beer, wine, tea, or coffee, but frequently drank milk. He dined at four, took his meals standing, at a very small round table, just large enough for one dish and one plate; it was about three feet high, and was covered by a tablecloth of unbleached linen; he used wooden trenchers, a very common knife, silver three-pronged forks; never eat either pepper, salt, vinegar, or mustard; he disliked boiled meat and vegetables of all kinds; and preferred steaks, game, poultry, and beef-tea.

He would frequently in winter go into the kitchen, a very small indifferent one, while the servants were at tea;

desire them not to disturb themselves, listen to their chat, sometimes fall asleep, and indeed remain so long that they, desirous of going to bed, made noises to awaken him. He preserved his sight to the last; had a keen and penetrating eye; latterly became rather deaf, and when out of humour pretended to be more so, peevishly saying he could not hear. His establishment consisted of three men and three maids; the butler lived forty-two years with him. Lord Rokeby had a rooted dislike to bank-notes, and always paid his servants in guineas, constantly expressing fears that the next time he must pay them in paper. At his death much gold was found in his possession.

One of his brothers generally paid him an annual visit; but though on excellent terms with his family, it always seemed a restraint on Lord Rokeby, and before the fortnight or three weeks was over he became fractious, as the maid said, and, to those used to his ways, evidently uneasy; and seemed as if relieved from a weight when his brother quitted him.

His death was occasioned by a mortification in his foot. He suffered much pain, sent for many physicians, but never followed their directions. He had occasionally suffered much from the tape-worm during the earlier part of his long life.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF THE TYROLESE.

Continued from p. 256.

WHEN Hofer and the other leaders of the insurrection issued from their retreat, they found the peasantry struggling to retard the enemy in their progress towards Sterzing. Already the French had gained the first ascents from Innsbruck, and the outposts of the contending parties were stationed on the opposite sides of the torrent of Eisack. Steep rocks, fringed with brush-wood, rose above the bridge on the southern side, which the Tyrolese occupied. From these rocks they kept up an irregular fire on the French infantry, who were endeavouring to

make their way through the defile. Notwithstanding the utmost courage on the part of the French, they found it impossible to make their way round a corner of the rock, where the road wound round the face of the precipice, full in view of the marksmen on the opposite bank. The grenadiers who advanced were instantly shot, and so great was the slaughter which this irregular fire occasioned, that, in a very short time, the road was literally blocked up with dead bodies. In this emergency, an officer of the Bavarian dragoons volunteered to gallop over the

bridge with his squadron, and dispossess the peasantry who occupied the opposite cliffs. The Tyrolese, perceiving the cavalry winding up the ascent, set fire to the bridge, and, in a very short time, the flames spread rapidly along the fir beams on which it was supported. Not deterred, however, by this circumstance, nor by the dreadful fire which the peasantry directed towards this point, the brave horseman pressed forward, and spurring his horse with much difficulty over the dead bodies of his comrades, dashed into the midst of the flames. The eyes of both armies were anxiously turned upon this brave man, and the hoofs of his horse were just touching the rocks on the opposite side when the burning rafter broke, and he was precipitated from an immense height into the torrent beneath. A momentary pause, and a cessation from firing ensued, till the heavy splash, in the deep ravine below, announced his fate; and instantly a loud shout from the whole Tyrolese army, re-echoed through the impending rocks, announced to the neighboring vallies that the French army was stopt at this important defile. This success, trifling as it may appear, was of the utmost consequence to the Tyrolese, for it gave the peasants, from the remote vallies, time to assemble; and though the French succeeded at the end of two days in turning their position, and forcing them to retire into the higher parts of Mount Brenner, yet the time which was thus gained, contributed, in a great measure, to the glorious victory which soon followed.

Hofer and Speckbacher, finding their forces continually increasing, and that the drooping spirits of the peasantry were somewhat elated by their recent success, resolved to give battle to the enemy. For this purpose they took post near the foot of Mount Brenner, in the valley which leads towards that pass from the Innthal. The scene of this action was of a more solitary and gloomy character than any which had hitherto occurred during the war. On either side, steep and rugged hills arose, covered with scattered fir and larch,

with their summits clothed with perpetual snow. Immediately in the rear of their position, towered the bare and inaccessible peaks of Mount Brenner, bearing on their summits an immense glacier, presenting, to all appearance, an insurmountable obstacle to human approach. It was in this desolate and gloomy scene that the Tyrolese took their station, with their armies stretching up the mountains on either side, and their centre supported by a small tower which had been built in former times in the narrowest part of the valley, to guard the pass. The chiefs, being conscious that the fate of their country depended on the issue of that day, made every effort to animate their troops, and, in the night preceding the battle, went through the different ranks to ascertain the temper of the soldiers. They found them firm and resolute in their purpose, to defend themselves to the last extremity, and sell their lives as dearly as possible, if all hopes of ultimate success were lost. At two in the morning mass was said by the Friar Joachim, at which all the other leaders of the army assisted, and they then separated and took their station at their several posts. These brave men, at parting, took leave of each other as if their last hour was come; and, like the three hundred Spartans in the defile of Thermopylae, thought only of meeting again in another world.

The action commenced at day-break, by the French pushing forward a large column, supported by cavalry, and artillery, on the high road, towards the old tower which formed the centre of the position of the enemy. They were received with a rolling fire from all parts of the valley, and lost an immense number of men in advancing over the small space of ground which separates the two armies. By pushing forward column after column, however, they gradually gained ground, and their artillery, before two o'clock, were brought up close to the tower in which the Tyrolese were placed. Sensible of the importance of retaining this important post, the patriots vigorously with-

stood the battalions who advanced; and so stubborn was the resistance which they presented, that the French were literally obliged to cut them down in the stations assigned to them, and to draw their cannon over the dead bodies of those who had fallen. Even in the last agonies of life this stern and desperate valour did not desert them, insomuch, that the wounded men, who were disabled from using their weapons, and lay weltering in their blood on the road, clung to the wheels of the artillery that was advancing, and loosed not their desperate grasp till death relaxed their hold. The French artillery, like the car of the god Jagaurnaut, ploughed its way through the dead and the dying, and crushed beneath its wheels the multitudes who sacrificed themselves to arrest its progress.

Peter Lanshner, the parish priest of Weitendale, commanded at this critical point, and displayed the greatest valour in the defence of his station. He was acquainted with the plan of the action which Hofer had suggested, which was to throw a column of peasants in the rear of the mountains on the left hand of the Tyrolese army, which was destined to descend at twelve o'clock in the rear of the enemy. If he could keep his ground till that hour, the victory was secure. It was now half-past eleven, and no symptoms of the troops upon the ridge of the mountains had yet appeared, while the French, notwithstanding the most heroic resistance, had penetrated to the very foot of the tower which he occupied. The first discharges of artillery brought down its tottering walls, and the Bavarians were on the very point of rushing in, when the shouts from higher parts of the line, announced the appearance of the columns which had been detached to the rear of the enemy. For an instant, the firing on both sides ceased, in expectation of some intelligence of the event which had occasioned this tumult, and as the smoke cleared away, the Tyrolese beheld their countrymen occupying in great force, at a vast height above them, the rocky ridge on the left hand, and the broad banner of

Austria waving in the summit of the snowy cliffs that shut in the valley on the Western side. This joyful event was instantly communicated to all parts of the patriot army; and the French, perceiving the column in their rear descending to attack them, fell back on all sides, and rapidly retraced their steps down the course of the stream which they had recently ascended.

Their retreat for some time was conducted with considerable order and skill; but the numbers of the peasantry increased as they advanced, and the columns of the French inevitably fell into some confusion in the narrow ravines through which the road lay. The forests on either side of the road were filled with marksmen, who kept up an incessant fire on the retreating columns, insomuch so, that the Duke of Dantzic was obliged to march on foot in the dress of a common soldier, to avoid being singled out by the marksmen, who hung on their road. He collected his forces however, and took up a strong position in the neighbourhood of the abbey of Wilten, which had already been the scene of glorious success to the Tyrolese. His army occupied a cluster of wooded hills, which lay like the Trosacles at the foot of a vast ridge of rocky mountains that formed the eastern boundary of the valley. Here he was attacked at six o'clock in the morning of the 12th August by the Tyrolese, headed chiefly by the parish priests in the vicinity, and under the general command of Hofer, Speckbacher and Kemenater. The battle consisted chiefly of insulated struggles between the different bodies of the contending armies, who occupied these wooded eminences; and after an obstinate and most bloody contest, it was decided at midnight in favour of the Tyrolese. In this action, even the wives and daughters of the peasants took an active share, and not only escorted the prisoners who were made during the action, but resolutely attacked the enemy's position, and in many instances fell by their husbands' side, while storming the intrenchments which they had thrown up for their defence.

The broken remains of the French

army fell back in disorder to Innsbruck, which they evacuated without resistance; and continuing their retreat, along the course of the Inn, abandoned the Tyrol territory. In the course of this retreat, they exercised the most horrid acts of cruelty upon the unfortunate inhabitants of the country. Every where the villages were burnt; and the peasants hunted like wild beasts into the woods. Such of them as were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, of whatever age or sex, were massacred without mercy. The soldiers even seemed to take delight in acts of destruction, from which no advantage could arise to themselves; and burned the houses which were deserted by their inhabitants, and in which they could discover no articles of sufficient value to reward the trouble of plundering. The beautiful town of Schwatz on the Inn, was entirely burned by these merciless invaders; and to this day, the traveller can mark the progress of their armies, by the ruined houses and the shattered towns which still attest the extent of their devastations. In many places, however, they have lately been repaired; and the English traveller learns with delight, that it is to the munificence of his countrymen that the greater part of the smiling cottages that adorn the Hills round Innsbruck, have been owing; and that the inhabitants acknowledge with the deepest thankfulness the generosity of that nation, which is happily renowned in the Tyrol, only as healing the wounds which the ravages of war have occasioned.

The Tyrolese war, after the peasantry had thus a third time, without any foreign aid, delivered it from their enemies, presented many most interesting occurrences, though they are of a more melancholy description, as the overwhelming numbers of the French, after the conclusion of the Austrian campaign, rendered all farther resistance altogether hopeless, and the severity of the season obliged the peasants to descend from the higher Alps, in which they had so nobly maintained their freedom, into the vallies, where

their valour was unavailing against the numbers and discipline of their enemies: but the limits of a sketch of this nature, forbid our entering upon their narrative.

After the country had finally submitted to the French yoke, a deep and settled melancholy pervaded the minds of the peasantry; and the idea universally prevailed, that their subjugation was the punishment of some sins which they had committed. Among a people excessively prone to religious enthusiasm, and with minds strongly tinged with a belief in spiritual interposition, this melancholy feeling produced an universal disposition to superstition. Innumerable instances of miracles and supernatural appearances are told by the people in all parts of the country during the years when they were subjected to the Bavarian yoke. The imagination of the peasants, roused by the animating commencement and melancholy termination of the war, wandered without control; but their superstitions were elevated by the contemplation of the sublime natural scenery with which they were surrounded, and partook of the pure and spiritual character of the feelings with which they were impressed. On many occasions the images of their patron saints were seen to shed tears, as if bewailing the subjugation of their country. The travellers who had been out after sunset narrated, that the crucifixes on the road side often bowed their heads; and withered arms were seen to stretch themselves from the rocks in the remoter recesses of the mountains. As the time approached when the deliverance of Europe was at hand, and the march of the Russian troops was spreading joy and hope throughout the subjugated realms of Germany, these omens assumed a more joyful character. Vast armies of visionary soldiers, marching with banners flying, and all the splendour of military triumph, were seen at sunrise reflected in the lakes which bordered on the Austrian empire. The Emperor's tower in the castle of Kuffstein was often seen surrounded with lambent fire, and the Austrian banner, wrapt in flames, was seen to

wave at night over the towers of Sterzing. In the gloom of the evening endless files of soldiers, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, clad in the Austrian uniform, were seen to traverse the inaccessible ranges of rocks which lie on the Salzburgh frontier. The shepherds who had ascended farthest into these desolate regions heard the creaking of the wheels, the tramp of the horses, the measured tread of the foot-soldiers, intermingled with loud bursts of laughter, and shouts of triumph, amidst rocks on

which no human foot had ever trode. And when the widows and orphans of the fallen warriors knelt before the Virgin, the flowers and garlands placed round the image, according to the amiable custom of Catholic countries, and which had remained there till they were withered, burst forth in renovated foliage and beauty, and spread their fragrance around the altar, as if to mark the joy of the dead for the approaching deliverance of their country.

POPULAR CURES, QUACK MEDICINES, &c.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IF peculiar events, passing within the immediate sphere of one's own observations, furnish accurate criteria by which to judge of corresponding cases in society at large, I have ample reason for inferring, that many valuable lives are frequently endangered or destroyed by the pernicious practice of suddenly suppressing, or violently interrupting, long accustomed evacuations and affections of the human system.

Gout, erysipelas, rheumatism, hæmorrhoids, eruptive diseases, ulcers, &c. are considered as unqualified and positive evils, unredeemed of their obnoxiousness by any attendant benefit. The heedless impatience for dismissing these doubtless severe visitations, prevents that calm contemplation of their causes and effects to which the beneficence of Nature entitles them, and which the welfare of the sufferer ought unquestionably to enjoin. Thus, we see him flying with avidity after every illusory phantom that ignorance or empiricism presents to his view.

Many years' experience, and the most attentive investigations of the principles on which the different structure and functions of the human frame are established, reciprocated, and governed, have, however, satisfactorily shewn me, that the peculiar evacuations and affections, constituting the peculiar states of system above alluded to, are not the *appropriata* of health, but are, on the

contrary, constitutional efforts, destined to effect the most salutary purposes; for instance, to equalize the circulation, and to determine irritation, local plethora, &c. to parts where they may be expended with safety, though with inconvenience and pain; and that, by whatever means their sudden suppression or violent interruption be occasioned,—notwithstanding that, in their progress, they should exceed necessary limitations—those means will, sooner or later, be followed by consequences of the most dangerous tendency.*

To require of your readers implicit acquiescence to the doctrines here brought forward, without adducing further testimonies in their support, would be arrogant in the extreme; and to introduce evidence in the legitimate character of pathological demonstrations, would be to obtrude too largely on the limits of your excellent miscellany. I must therefore beg leave to resort to the more concise (though, I

* I must here beg the reader to bear in remembrance, that my observations are intended to go no farther than to disapprove, generally, of the practice of suddenly suppressing, or of violently interrupting, long accustomed evacuations and affections of the system, and that they do not impugn the propriety of attempting to remove or to modify, by appropriate constitutional treatment, similar evacuations and affections recently established in it. On the contrary, viewing them as I do in the light of *sequela*, or results arising from peculiar causes,—it will be obvious, my mind inclines to the practical maxim, that we have only to remove the causes to dissipate the effects.

trust, not altogether less satisfactory,) expedient of submitting a few,—out of many,—illustrative cases, that have occurred either within my own immediate practice, or that have otherwise fallen under my cognizance: corroborating them with brief, yet appropriate, selections from living authors of unquestionable veracity and eminence.

In the order, then, that I have noted the peculiar conditions of the human frame, to which my observations apply, I shall arrange my illustrations, and commence with—

Gout.

A gentleman of fortune, at that time about thirty-five years of age, of plethoric, but not intemperate, habit, had long been subject to this disease, and had occasionally applied cold water to the inflamed joints during its paroxysms, without experiencing any ill effect from it. On one occasion, however, whilst labouring under an attack of gout on his feet, he plunged them into cold water: inflammation soon receded, and he became speechless. After reproducing the gouty affections on the feet, he recovered his speech, and did well.

An elderly gentleman, of full habit, disposed to conviviality, and long disposed to gout, was, in February last, suddenly relieved of a fit of the disease, by taking the prescribed dose of "Reynold's Specific." Apoplexy occurred on the following morning; from which he has not yet thoroughly recovered.

"Various diseases of the head,—as headache, vertigo,* depression of spirits, mania, epilepsy, and apoplexy,—in many instances, immediately or soon, succeed the recession of gout from the extremities."—*Parry*.

"In two cases, which occurred between twenty and thirty years ago, immersion of a gouty foot in cold water, which produced instant relief of the pain, and a proportionate abatement of the inflammation, was, in a few hours, followed by hemiplegia."†—*Ibid*.

"The retrocession of gout probably never happens, except from the patient's want of care, or some injudicious treatment."—*Scudamore*.

Erysipelas.

A farmer, about ten years ago, applied, by the advice of a neighbour, cold vinegar and water to an erysipelatous affection of one leg. The inflammation of the leg was subdued by the cold application, and succeeded by inflammation of the stomach; from the dangerous effects of which he was with difficulty saved.

Some time ago I saw an erysipelas of the face apparently repelled by a stream of cold air, which played in from a broken pane in the room where the patient lay; and signs of coma soon after appearing, death speedily took place, with all the common indications of apoplexy.—*Armstrong on Typhus*.

* Giddiness.

† A paralytic affection of one side of the body.

These cases certainly argue strongly against the external application of cold in erysipelatous affections: yet Dr. Armstrong remarks, that he never saw erysipelas repelled by cold saturnine lotions, tho' he has seen them very often used.

Rheumatism.

A shoemaker, forty years of age, tall, thin, and of temperate habits, had been for years afflicted with acute rheumatism. During a severe attack of the disease on his knees, he applied cold water to them. Sudden recession of the inflammation occurred, an alarming affection of the chest succeeded, and his life was, for a long time, in imminent danger.

This person, about five years afterwards, again resorted to the cold-water treatment, for alleviation from (as he described it,) insupportable agony, during a similar attack of rheumatism. Recedence of inflammation from the knee again took place, rapidly followed by inflammation of the brain, and he died in about thirty-six hours.

"The easy spontaneous transference of rheumatic inflammation from one part to another, and the fact that sometimes the transference suddenly takes place to internal organs, fully forbid the application of direct cold, as a mode of evaporation."—*Scudamore on Gout*.

"Neither, agreeably to my observations, is the common practice of applying subefacients, to the parts affected with the most violent pain, at all a safe one; at least, in four cases, where they were employed, the rheumatism receded from the integuments: and in three of them the heart was attacked with inflammation, and the intestines in the fourth. One of the former, and the last, did well; but the two others were fatal. Acute rheumatism sometimes suddenly recedes from cold air applied to the skin, when there is a free perspiration; and I once saw an instance of this kind caused by getting incautiously out of bed in a winter's night without clothing, in which the patient sunk with great rapidity, apparently from an affection of the heart."—*Armstrong on Typhus*.

Hæmorrhoids.

A commercial gentleman from his youth had been subject to hæmorrhoidal fluxes; which, at an advanced period of his life, wholly forsook him. Within a reasonable distance of time afterwards to suspect that the affection might have resulted from the cessation of these long accustomed evacuations, he was seized with severe disease of the chest,—under which he laboured two or three years, and, then becoming dropsical, died.*

"The prognoscis, in cases of sudden suppression of the hæmorrhoidal movement, must be founded on the nature and importance of the effects which follow. The suppression will be more dangerous in proportion as the individual is predisposed to any

* If my information relative to this case be correct, the conclusion above hazarded (as to the cause of the disease of the chest,) is indubitably correct also. On that ground, therefore, it is much to be regretted that means were not attempted to restore the hæmorrhoidal drain. Indeed the omission, if not to be ascribed to oversight, goes far to suspect practical competency.

visceral affection,---as phthisis, cardiac disease, aneurism of any of the large vessels, &c. Advanced age is an unfavourable epoch for such accidents."---*Medico-Chirurgical Journal*, (new series), October, 1818.

"But, although immunity from disease frequently follows a suppression of the hæmorrhoids, we are by no means to calculate on such good fortune as even generally to be met with. We shall here then present a rapid sketch of the various phenomena which attentive observation has ascertained, as very frequently resulting from the suppression or retention under consideration.

"1. Fever has, in many instances, been kindled up by the suppression of the hæmorrhoidal flux. Ludolph relates a remarkable instance :---A man of letters, forty years of age, thin, yet plethoric, of sedentary habits,---had frequently experienced the hæmorrhoidal discharge with advantage to his general health. But, this discharge having become excessive, his physician suddenly suppressed it: the consequence of which was pain and sense of anguish about the region of the heart, acute fever, violent delirium, and death in a few days. [Stahl offers nearly a similar example.]

"2. The brain or its meninges, the lungs or their coverings, the heart, the stomach, the liver, the peritoneum,† are often affected with inflammation from suppressed hæmorrhoids. But chronic engorgements, with gradual induration of these viscera, are the most usual results.

"3. Almost every part of the body may become the seat of hæmorrhage: vicarious of the hæmorrhoidal flux when suppressed; but more especially the uterus, the bladder, the stomach, the liver, and the lungs.

"4. Esquirol asserts, that melancholy and insanity frequently result from the suppression of hæmorrhoidal evacuations. Poissonier, Audry, &c. saw tetanus* result from the same; Heister, hypochondriacism; and, according to Dion Cassius, the Emperor Trajan experienced an attack of apoplexy, followed by hemiplegia, in consequence of a sudden suppression of the hæmorrhoidal flux to which he had been long subject. He soon afterwards became dropsical, and died.

"Professor Richerand records a remarkable example of a merchant, who arrived at his ninetieth year in perfect health. This long immunity from disease he attributed to an hæmorrhoidal flux, which had been regularly established for more than fifty years; and so considerable in quantity, that the blood spouted to a certain distance, as from a vein opened by a lancet.---Montanus knew an hæmorrhoidinarian, who, for forty days in succession, discharged more than two pints of blood daily, and yet he perfectly recovered.---Panorala knew a noble Spaniard, who, for four years, passed daily a pint of blood, and yet enjoyed the most perfect health.---Hoffman relates the case of a person, fifty years of age, gross, and a high liver,---who, after being harassed with a variety of anomalous symptoms, and particularly lassitude, languor and faintings, was seized with the

hæmorrhoidal flux; and in twenty-four hours lost more than two gallons of blood. The symptoms of debility and oppression were quickly dissipated, and health and strength gradually recovered."

These examples are sufficient to assure us, that the hæmorrhoidal flux may be often enormous, without being necessarily fatal, or even dangerous.

"A man, twenty-five years of age, tall and thin, became affected with constant and severe pain between the shoulders, accompanied by cough and copious expectoration, emaciation, and progressively increasing debility. Notwithstanding various means, these symptoms got worse, and the young man was considered to be in a confirmed consumption. His physician, recollecting that the patient's father had been hæmorrhoidinarian, conceived that the establishment of such an affection might be serviceable to the son, and consequently applied six leeches. The effect was so rapid and decisive, that it appeared as though the pulmonary disease was destroyed by a single blow. The hæmorrhoidal movement became irregularly established, he recovered flesh and strength, and continued in good health."---*Ibid.*

Eruptive Diseases.

Obstinate diseases of the skin have been known to transform themselves into mania, gout, and a variety of other diseases.---*Thomas's Practice, Johnson's Researches on Gout.*

I have at this time a lady under my care, whose case will, if permitted to be published, furnish an example of transformation of disease of this description, as interesting, instructive, and unequivocal, as any instance of the kind that was ever presented on medical record. As, however, the treatment is at present *in transitu*, and as I am not yet sanctioned to give publicity to it, I am necessarily constrained to observe no farther on it.

Ulcers.

A respectable widow woman, about fifty years of age, of unexceptionable habits, was, a short time since, attacked with violent symptoms of acute inflammation of the liver. General and topical bleeding and other usual remedies were unavailingly resorted to. The danger preceded *pari passu* the most vigorous treatment, until it was discovered that a long standing and profusely discharging ulcer of the foot had, during a short confinement a little while before, nearly healed. The propriety of reproducing ulceration on the same part suggested itself;---it was attempted---and the patient's recovery uninterruptedly followed.

"I have often seen various affections of the chest, as pulmonary consumption, asthma, carditis,* or hydrothorax,† arise from the spontaneous or artificial cure of ulcers, perpetual blisters, and fistulæ."---*Parry's Elements of Pathology.*

"A girl, seventeen years of age, had a chronic ulceration of the foot. No sooner was this cured, than she was seized with a disease and enlargement of the heart, which proved fatal."---*Ibid.*

† A membrane lining the abdomen, and investing all the viscera contained therein.

* A spasmodic rigidity of the whole or part of the body.

* Inflammation of the heart.

† Water in the chest.

This illustrious author, who has for so many years been one of the brightest ornaments of the medical profession, (I may with propriety say, of society at large,) in the inestimable work above quoted, further observes, that, when epilepsy occurs at an advanced age, it chiefly attacks those who have long been constitutionally nervous, or who have lost the long accustomed excessive sanguineous determinations of gout, hæmorrhages from the nose, hæmorrhoids, ulcers, eruptions, &c.

The reason already assigned, in reference to other proofs of the positions I have assumed, namely, the apprehension of trespassing too largely on your valuable pages, has likewise prompted me to condense the preceding cases and observations, (both quoted and original,) within the narrowest compass their import would admit. I trust, however, enough of their matter has been retained to satisfy your readers that to this humble undertaking I was

not incited by a futile hope of arrogating to myself exclusively the knowledge of facts evidently pre-expounded, or of attempting to erect untenable theories on vague and groundless speculations. The subject is, unquestionably, one of vital importance, and one whose principles have not been sufficiently diffused by pathological writers; my motive and object, therefore, have only been to awaken unsuspecting valetudinarians to a sense of the protean evils that oftentimes insidiously attend them; and to induce them, ere they pursue the dangerous and delusive practices here denounced, to pause,—to ponder within themselves, “if it be not better to endure the ills we have, than fly to others we know not of.”

Langport.

W. NORMAN.

From the Literary Gazette.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

“He was a good father, a good son, a good husband; a man of feeling and benevolence, a declared adherent of truth, an intrepid opponent of Napoleon, and defender of liberty against his tyranny, while others were silent; frequently a bitter, ironical writer, but who never spoke contrary to his conviction. And he was murdered. Wherefore? Because he differed in opinion from others, at a time when freedom of opinion and of the press is on all sides recognized and demanded as the highest good. By whom? By one consecrated to religion, to charity, and toleration. Where? In Germany; where assassination was hitherto almost unknown, and where detestation of assassination was considered as the fairest feature in the true German character.”—German Paper.

THE assassination of M. von Kotzebue has excited throughout Germany an extraordinary sensation of horror and indignation. From the particulars that have hitherto transpired, it is evident that he fell a victim to political fanaticism; but it seems not to be so certain whether the murderer acted from the impulse of his own perverted mind, or whether he was only a member of a league consisting of students who formally resolved on this sanguinary mode of vengeance. The daily prints have acquainted our readers with the contradictory statements on this point. Awaiting the information that will doubtless be obtained from the strict inquiries ordered by the Grand Duke of Baden, we present a short sketch of the life of this celebrated writer.

2P ATHENEUM VOL. 5.

Augustus von Kotzebue was born March 3, 1761, at Weimar, where his father was Secretary of Legation, in the service of the Duke, and where his mother still lives. He was remarkable when quite a child for his vivacity and sensibility, and was not yet six years of age when he made his first attempts at poetry. His love of the dramatic art was early excited by the then very good company of players at Weimar, in which were the families of Seiler, Brandes, Boeckh, and Eckhof. At this period Kotzebue attended the Gymnasium, where Musæus, afterwards his uncle, obtained great influence over him by his instructions and example. He was not quite sixteen years old when he went to the University at Jena, where his love for the drama found new

encouragement in a private theatre. From attachment to his sister, who married in Duisburg, he went for a time to the University there; whence he returned, in 1775, to Jena, studied jurisprudence, without however ceasing to live for the theatre, and to compose various pieces. He soon after passed his examination, and became an *Advocate*. He now enjoyed the entire friendship of the worthy Musæus, and attempted, as he had already done, with Wieland, Goethe, Hermes, and Brandes, to imitate Musæus, an example of which is his "*I, a History in Fragments*." At Leipzig he printed a volume of Tales, and went thence in 1281 to St. Petersburg, whither he was invited by Count Goerz, Prussian Ambassador at that court. He became Secretary to the Governor-General Bawr; and the latter being charged with the direction of the German theatre, Kotzebue was again in his element. His first dramatic work, *Demetrius Iwanowitsch*, (which is very little if at all known,) was performed with great applause in the German theatre at St. Petersburg, in 1782. An article, dated St. Petersburg, in No. 120 of the Hamburg newspaper for 1782, says, "This play is not a masterpiece, but in several parts it is admirable, and promises us that the author, who is now but 22 years of age, will be one day a great acquisition to the theatre and the dramatic art." But Bawr died two years after. As he had recommended Kotzebue to the protection of the Empress, he was made Titular Counsellor; and in the year 1783, member of the High Court of Appeal at Revel. In 1785 he was made President of the Magistracy of the Province of Esthonia, and as such raised to the rank of nobility. It was at Revel that his talents were displayed in a series of works, which made him the favourite of the public. His "*Sufferings of the Ortenburg family*" (1785,) and "*The Collection of his smaller Essays*" (1787,) first shewed in a brilliant manner his agreeable and diversified style; but it was especially his two plays, "*Misanthropy and Repentance*," and "*The Indians in England*," which gained the poet the highest reputation

in all Germany. His ill health obliged him, in 1790, to make a journey to Pyrmont, where his ill-famed "*Doctor Bahrdt with the Iron Forehead*," which he published under the name of Knigge, lost him a great part of the esteem which the public had conceived for him. After the death of his wife he went to Paris, and then for a time to Mentz. He then obtained his discharge, and retired, in 1795, to the country, where he built the little country seat of Friedenthal, eight leagues from Narva, in Esthonia. The "*Youngest Children of my Humour*," and above 20 plays, belong to this period. He was then invited to Vienna, as poet to the Court theatre. Here he published a great part of his "*New Plays*," which fill above 20 volumes. As various unpleasant circumstances disgusted him with his place at Vienna, he requested his discharge, after an interval of two years, and obtained it, with an annual pension of 1000 florins. He now went to live again at Weimar, but resolved to return to Russia, where his sons were educated in the Academy of Cadets, at St. Petersburg. Baron von Krudener, the Russian Ambassador at Berlin, gave him the necessary passport; but he was arrested on the Russian frontiers (April 1800,) and, without knowing for what reason, sent to Siberia.

A happy chance delivered him. A young Russian, of the name of Krasnopulski, had translated into the Russian language Kotzebue's little drama, "*The Body Coachman of Peter the Third*," which is an indirect eulogium of Paul I. The translation was shewn in MS. to the Emperor Paul, who was so delighted with the piece, that he immediately gave orders to fetch back the author from his banishment, and distinguished him on his return with peculiar favour. Among other things he made him a present of the fine domain of the crown, of Worroküll, in Livonia; gave him the direction of the German theatre, and the title of Aulic Counsellor. M. von Kotzebue has given a romantic account of his banishment, well known all over Europe under the title of "*The most remarkable Year of my Life*." After the death of

Paul I. Kotzebue requested his discharge, and obtained it, with a higher title. He went to Weimar, where he lived a short time, and then to Jena. Various misunderstandings which he had with Goethe, vexed him so much, that he went in 1802 to Berlin, where he joined with Merkel to publish the Journal called *Der Freymüthige*. Kotzebue and Merkel wrote against Goethe and his adherents, Augustus, William Schlegel and Frederick Schlegel; and as M. Spazier, at that time editor of the "Journal for the Fashionable World," espoused the cause of the latter, there arose a very violent paper war. A more serious consequence of the misunderstandings between Kotzebue and Goethe was the removal of the Literary Journal of Jena to Halle, and the establishment of a new Literary Journal at Jena. In 1806, he went, for the purpose of writing the history of Prussia, to Königsberg, where he was allowed to make use of the archives. His work on the history of Prussia, published at Riga 1809, in four volumes, is certainly not an historical masterpiece, but deserves attention, particularly for the original documents printed in it. The year 1806, so unfortunate for the Prussian monarchy, obliged him to go to Russia, where he never ceased to combat the French and their Emperor with all the arms which a writer possessed of so much wit could command (particularly in his journal "*The Bee*."). The public in Germany were the more eager after his published works, as the French hardly permitted a free or bold expression to be uttered in Germany. As under these circumstances his political writings had excited a very high degree of attention, he appeared, on the great change in the political affairs of Europe in 1813, to be

peculiarly qualified to maintain among the people their hatred of the French. Raised to the rank of Counsellor of State, he attended the Russian headquarters, and published at Berlin, a Journal, called "The Russian and German Journal for the People." In the year 1814, he went to Königsberg as Russian Consul-General in the Prussian dominions, where, besides several political pamphlets, Comedies, and little Dramas, he wrote a history of the German Empire, which is said to be very partial. In 1816 he was placed as Counsellor of State in the Department of Foreign Affairs in St. Petersburg, and in 1817 received the commission to go to Germany, in order to send reports directly to the Emperor Alexander, *On the State of Literature and Public Opinion in Germany*. He settled for this purpose, at Weimar, where he published at the same time a Literary Journal, in which he constituted himself judge of all writing in every branch of literature which he thought worthy of notice, and at the same time delivered his opinions on politics and on the spirit of the times in a manner which his opponents accuse of being in the extreme partial and illiberal. His Cossack-like tactics, say they, with which he made war on all liberal ideas; especially the wishes of the people for representative constitutions, freedom of the Press, &c. in the name of sound reason, of which he fancied himself the representative, gained him great applause with a certain class of readers. But it drew upon him the indignation, of no inconsiderable part of the nation, particularly the ardent minds of the German youth; and in this tendency of his latest literary labours, we must doubtless look for the chief cause of his violent and tragical death.

Concluded in our next.

VARIETIES.

Extracted from the English Magazines.

ACCOUNT OF AN AUTOMATON CHESS
PLAYER, NOW EXHIBITED AT SPRING
GARDENS, LONDON.

A VERY clear and animated description of this extraordinary piece of mechanism, which may really be

called a wonderful creature, has been written by a friend of ours, an Oxford graduate; and we think our readers may be amused by some particulars of what may be called its life and character. Our friend is one of the best chess-

players we know ; yet we believe that he was hard put to it by the Automaton, who is, in his own peculiar way, quite a second Phillidor. All who know any thing of the fascinating game of chess are aware of the constant exercise of acute judgment required in anticipating the designs of an antagonist, and in frustrating those that cannot be foreseen. Indeed, it is acknowledged to be about as difficult a thing to win a great game of chess, as a great battle—and therefore, our Automaton may yet make a brilliant figure some day or other as a general officer.

The inventor, or rather, it should be said, the father of this creature, was Wolfgang de Kempelen, a Hungarian gentleman, aulic counsellor to the royal chamber of the domains of the Emperor in Hungary. Being at Vienna in the year 1767, he offered to the Empress Maria Theresa, to construct a piece of mechanism more unaccountable than any she had previously witnessed ; and accordingly, within six months, the Automaton chess player was presented at court, where his extraordinary mental powers excited the liveliest astonishment. M. de Kempelen, some years afterwards, publicly exhibited him (for we shall not degrade a man of genius by the application of a vile neuter) in Germany and other countries. In the year 1785, M. de Kempelen visited England, and at his death in 1803, this worthy Automaton became the property of that gentleman's son, who may be distinguished from his incomprehensible brother by the term, "*filius carnalis*," and by whom (notwithstanding the apparent violation of the free spirit of our laws and of nature herself,) he was sold to the present exhibitor, a person, it is said, of great ability in the science of mechanics.

After this short historical notice, our Oxford friend (who, by the way, has seemingly forgotten his promise to send us an occasional article) thus introduces to us the son of the aulic counsellor.

"The room where it is at present exhibited has an inner apartment, within which appears the figure of a Turk, as large as life, dressed after the Turkish fashion, sitting behind a chest of three feet and a half in length, two feet in breadth, and two feet and a half

in height, to which it is attached by the wooden seat on which it sits. The chest is placed upon four casters, and together with the figure, may be easily moved to any part of the room. On the plain surface formed by the top of the chest, in the centre, is a raised immoveable chess-board of handsome dimensions, upon which the figure has its eyes fixed ; its right arm and hand being extended on the chest, and its left arm somewhat raised, as if in the attitude of holding a Turkish pipe, which originally was placed in its hand.

"The exhibitor begins by wheeling the chest to the entrance of the apartment within which it stands, and to the face of the spectators. He then opens certain doors contrived in the chest, two in front, and two at the back, at the same time pulling out a long shallow drawer at the bottom of the chest made to contain the chess men, a cushion for the arm of the figure to rest upon, and some counters. Two lesser doors, and a green cloth screen, contrived in the body of the figure, and in its lower parts, are likewise opened, and the Turkish robe which covers them is raised ; so that the construction both of the figure and the chest internally is displayed. In this state the automaton is moved round for the examination of the spectators ; and to banish all suspicion from the most sceptical mind, that any living subject is concealed within any part of it, the exhibitor introduces a lighted candle into the body of the chest and the figure, by which the interior of each is, in a great measure, rendered transparent, and the most secret corner is shewn. Here, it may be observed, that the same precaution to remove suspicion is used, if requested, at the close as at the commencement of a game of Chess with the Automaton.

"The chest is divided by a partition, into two unequal chambers. That to the right of the figure is the narrowest, and occupies scarcely one third of the body of the chest ; it is filled with little wheels, levers, cylinders, and other machinery used in clock-work. That to the left contains a few wheels, some small barrels with springs, and two quarters of a circle placed horizontally. The body and lower parts of the figure contain certain tubes, which seem to be conductors to the machinery. After a sufficient time, during which each spectator may satisfy his scruples and his curiosity, the exhibitor recloses the doors of the chest and the figure, and the drawer at bottom ; makes some arrangements in the body of the figure, winds up the works with a key inserted into a small opening on the side of the chest, places a cushion under the left arm of the figure, which now rests upon it, and invites any individual present to play a game of Chess.

"At one and three o'clock in the afternoon, the Automaton plays only ends of games, with any person who may be present. On these occasions the pieces are placed on the board, according to a preconcerted arrangement ; and the Automaton invariably wins the game. But at eight o'clock every evening, it plays an entire game against any antagonist who may offer himself, and generally is the winner, although the inventor had not this issue in view as a necessary event.

"In playing a game, the Automaton

makes choice of the white pieces, and always has the first move. These are small advantages towards winning the game which are cheerfully conceded. It plays with the left hand, the right arm and hand being constantly extended on the chest, behind which it is seated. This slight incongruity proceeded from absence of mind in the inventor, who did not perceive his mistake till the machinery of the Automaton was too far completed to admit of the mistake being rectified. At the commencement of a game, the Automaton moves its head, as if taking a view of the board; the same motion occurs at the close of the game. In making a move, it slowly raises its left arm from the cushion placed under it, and directs it towards the square of the piece to be moved. Its hand and fingers open on touching the piece, which it takes up, and conveys to any proposed square. The arm, then, returns with a natural motion to the cushion upon which it usually rests. In taking a piece, the Automaton makes the same motions of the arm and hand to lay hold of the piece, which it conveys from the board; and then returning to its own piece, it takes it up, and places it on the vacant square. These motions are performed with perfect correctness; and the dexterity with which the arm acts, especially in the delicate operation of castling, seems to be the result of spontaneous feeling, bending at the shoulder, elbow, and knuckles, and cautiously avoiding to touch any other piece than that which is to be moved, nor ever making a false move.

"After a move made by its antagonist, the Automaton remains for a few moments only inactive, as if meditating its next move; upon which the motions of the left arm and hand follow. On giving check to the King, it moves its head as a signal. When a false move is made by its antagonist, which frequently occurs, through curiosity to observe in what manner the Automaton will act: as, for instance, if a Knight be made to move like a Castle, the Automaton taps impatiently on the chest, with its right hand, replaces the Knight on its former square, and not permitting its antagonist to recover his move, proceeds immediately to move one of its own pieces: thus appearing to punish him for his inattention. This little advantage in play, which, if hereby gained, makes the Automaton more a match for its antagonist, seems to have been contemplated by the inventor as an additional resource towards winning the game.

"It is of importance that the person matched against the Automaton, should be attentive, in moving a piece, to place it precisely in the centre of its square; otherwise the figure, in attempting to lay hold of the piece, may miss its hold, or even sustain some injury in the delicate mechanism of the fingers. When the person has made a move, no alteration in it can take place: and if a piece be touched, it must be played somewhere. This rule is strictly observed by the Automaton. If its antagonist hesitates to move for a considerable time, it taps smartly on the top of the chest with the right hand, which is constantly extended upon it, as if testifying impatience at his delay.

"During the time that the Automaton is in motion, a low sound of clock-work running down is heard, which ceases soon after

its arm returns to the cushion; and then its antagonist may make his move. The works are wound up at intervals, after ten or twelve moves, by the exhibiter, who is usually employed in walking up and down the apartment in which the Automaton is shown, approaching, however, the chest from time to time, especially on its right side.

At the conclusion of the exhibition of the Automaton, on the removal of the chess men from the board, one of the spectators indiscriminately is requested to place a Knight upon any square of the board at pleasure. The Automaton immediately takes up the Knight, and beginning from that square, it moves the piece, according to its proper motion, so as to touch each of the sixty-three squares of the chess board in turn, without missing one, or returning to the same square. The square from which the Knight proceeds is marked by a white counter; and the squares successively touched, by red counters, which at length occupy all the other squares of the board."

Our friend, the Graduate, whose own skill in mechanics is well known, offers some speculations on the theory of this wonderful person's generation. These exhibit all his wonted acuteness, but, as he confesses that they leave the mystery of the Automaton's powers still unexplained, we content ourselves with referring the curious reader to his own very entertaining pamphlet.

SINGULAR CUSTOM AT HAARLEM.

When the Spaniards besieged this city, the defence made by the women tended, in an eminent degree, to its safety. In consequence of which, William the First, and the States General, as a perpetual acknowledgment of female patriotism, ordained, amongst other privileges, that no burger of Haarlem should, during six weeks next after his wife's *accouchement*, be liable to be arrested for debt, or his house or goods be subjected to any legal process: on which occasions they were enjoined to decorate the knockers of the street-door,—a custom that prevails at the present hour.

Amongst the wealthy the knockers are adorned with lace and riband, in a very expensive manner, and the exemption from arrest still continues in force.

VELOCIPED.

The velocipede is one of those machines which may probably alter the whole system of society; because it is applicable to the movement of armies,

and will render rapidly practicable marches far more distant than have ever yet been undertaken.

MODERN LIBRARIES.

GERMANY possesses, in about 150 of her cities, libraries open to the public. We believe it will be gratifying to our readers to present them, from the Ephemerides of Weimar, with an estimate of the number of works contained in some of the principal of these.

Vienna has eight public libraries, of which three only contain 438,000 volumes; viz. the imperial library, 300,000 printed books, exclusive of 70,000 tracts and dissertations, and 15,000 manuscripts:—The university library, 108,000 volumes; and the Theresianum, 30,000. The number contained in the other five are not exactly known.

The royal library at Munich possesses 400,000 volumes; the library at Gottingen, (one of the most select,) presents 280,000 works or numbers. 110,000 academical dissertations, and 5,000 manuscripts; Dresden, 250,000 printed books, 100,000 dissertations, and 4000 MSS.; Wolfenbuttel, 190,000 printed books, (chiefly ancient,) 40,000 dissertations, and 4000 MSS.; Stuttgart, 170,000 volumes, and 12,000 bibles. Berlin has seven public libraries, of which the royal library contains 160,000 volumes, and that of the academy, 30,000; Prague, 110,000 volumes; Gratz, 105,000 volumes; Frankfort on the Maine, 100,000; Hamburgh, 100,000; Breslau, 100,000; Weimar, 95,000; Mentz, 90,000; Darmstadt, 85,000; Cassel, 60,000; Gotha, 60,000; Marbourg, 55,000; Mell, in Austria, 35,000; Heidelberg, 30,000; Werningerode, 30,000; Kremsmunster, 25,000; Augsburch, 29,000; Meiningen, 24,000; New Strelitz, 22,000; Saltzburg, 20,000; Magdeburgh, 20,000; Halle, 20,000; Landshut, 20,000.

Thus it appears that thirty cities of Germany possess in their principal libraries, greatly beyond three millions, either of works or printed volumes, without taking into account the academical dissertations, detached memoirs, pamphlets, or the manuscripts. It is to be observed, likewise, that these numbers are taken at the very lowest estimate.

A similar *aperçu* of the state of the public libraries in France is given at the end of a curious volume, lately published by M. Petit Radel, entitled, "*Recherches sur les Bibliothèques anciennes et modernes*," &c. In Paris there are five public libraries, besides about forty special ones. The royal library contains about 350,000 volumes of printed books, besides the same number of tracts, collected into volumes, and about 50,000 MSS.; the library of the arsenal, about 150,000 volumes, and 5000 MSS.; the library of St. Genevieve, about 110,000 volumes, and 2000 MSS.; the magazine library, about 90,000 volumes, and 3437 MSS.; and the city library, about 15,000 volumes. In the provinces, the most considerable are those of Lyons, 106,000; Bourdeaux, 105,000; Aix, 72,670; Besancon, 53,000; Toulouse, (?) 50,000; Grenoble, 42,000; Tours, 30,000; Metz, 31,000; Arras, 34,000; Le Mans, 41,000; Colmar, 30,000; Versailles, 40,000; Amiens, 40,000. The total number of these libraies in France amounts to 273;

of above 80, the quantity of volumes they contain is not known. From the data given in this work, it appears that the general total of those which are known, amounts to 3,945,287, of which there are 1,125,347 in Paris alone.

Several of the libraries in the departments are useless, from not being open to the public, and some others nearly so from a sufficient time each day not being allowed for their admission. But the time is arrived, (says the editor,) when all these establishments must cease to be useless; and probably the time is not far distant, when every chief town of a *sous-prefecture* will have a library really public.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

PYROLIGNEOUS ACID.—Extract of a letter from M. C. G. at Paris:

A discovery of the greatest importance engages at this moment the attention of the Physicians, the Chemist, and the Government. A person of the name of Mangé has discovered that the pyroligneous acid, obtained by the distillation of wood, has the property of preventing the decomposition and putrefaction of animal substances. It is sufficient to plunge meat for a few moments into this acid, even slightly empyreumatic, to preserve this meat as long as you may desire. Cutlets, kidneys, liver, rabbits, which were prepared as far back as the month of July last, are now as fresh as if they had been just procured from the market. I have seen carcasses washed three weeks ago with pyroligneous acid, in which there is yet no sign of decomposition. Putrefaction not only stops, but it even retrogrades. Jakes exhaling infection, cease to do so, as soon as you pour into them the purifying acid. You may judge how many important applications may be made of this process. Navigation, medicine, unwholesome manufactories, will derive incalculable advantages from it. This explains why meat, merely dried in a stove, does not keep, while that which is smoked becomes unalterable. We have here an explanation of the theory of hams of the beef of Hamburg, of smoked tongues, sausages, red herrings, of wood smoked to preserve it from worms, &c. &c.

EXTRAORDINARY COW.

A more extraordinary instance of the fecundity of a cow, than the following, we believe there is not on record:—She produced in July, 1815, five calves; in May, 1816, three ditto; in March, 1817, three ditto; in May, 1818, two ditto; and in April, 1819, three ditto; making together 16 in the space of four years. The skins of the first five are preserved, the three last are living, and considered by judges to be very fine ones. This prolific animal was bred by Mr. Michael Williams, of Old Shifford farm, near Bromton, in this county, and is now in his possession.

Oxford Paper.

POETRY.

From the London Monthly Magazines, &c.

STANZAS.

THERE is a feeling in the heart,—
 A feeling which it well might spare,—
 That will not ruin and depart,
 But ever dwells and rankles there;
 Nor music, mirth, nor rosy wine,
 Nor love, nor woman's smiles divine,
 Nor sanctity of prayer;—
 Nor aught that holy men may say,
 Can scare the ravening fiend away.
 A sickness of the soul, the balm
 Of Hope can neither soothe nor slake;—
 A serpent that no spell can charm,
 With eye, eternally awake;—
 A glance of fire—a tongue of flame—
 Which time can neither tire nor tame,
 Nor music's voice disarm;—
 A living sense of lasting woe
 That poisons every bliss below.
 It was not always thus!—He danced
 The earlier hours of life away;
 And snatched at joy where'er it chanced
 To blossom on his lonely way:—
 Then Hope was young, and bright and fair,
 He knew no woe, nor wasting care,
 But innocently gay,
 Deem'd—reckless of the debt it owed—
 'Twould always flow, as thus it flowed.
 As childhood opens into youth,
 Those feelings fled:—he drank the springs
 Of knowledge, and the source of truth,
 (What the sage writes the poet sings;)
 And read in nature's changing forms,—
 The shifting shades of sun and storms,—
 Unutterable things;
 And sought unweariedly to cull
 All that was wild and wonderful!
 But even then—at times—would roll—
 Unbidden and profoundly deep—
 An awful silence o'er his soul,
 That hush'd all other sense to sleep;—
 And then he saw—too near the springs
 And wild reality of things,
 And only waked to weep
 That man should be cut off from bliss,
 And exiled to a world like this!
 He loved—I will not say *how* true,—
 The faithless tongue, perchance, might lie:—
 He did not love as others do;
 Nor eringe, nor flatter, whine, nor sigh:
 Look on his lowest heart, and trace
 What time can deepen, nor deface,
 So strongly wrought the dye,
 That did her lovely image bear,
 And warm and glowing stamp it there.
 He loved.—And *does* he not? ah! now,
 Another worships at that shrine;
 And he prefers a heartless vow,
 Fond fool! where thou didst offer thine.

Now, where thou knelt, another kneels,
 And from that holy altar steals
 The sacred bread and wine,
 Which thou hadst laboured to obtain
 To shrine thee from eternal pain.
 Then from himself he strove to hide
 The past, by mingling with mankind,
 And left the maid he deified
 Idols elsewhere to find;—
 But from that sanctuary hurl'd
 He roves—an outcast on the world—
 Nor evermore may bind—
 Rock of the past, his future stay—
 The bonds that have been wrench'd away.
 He stands, as stands a ruined tower,
 Which time in triumph desolates;
 The ivy wreath that scorns his power,
 A melancholy gloom creates;
 What tho' it shine in light while set
 The summer suns,—its fibres fret
 The stone it decorates;
 So, smiles upon his pallid brow,
 But wring the ruin'd heart below.

AZO.

THE DEATH OF LEILA.

(Fragment from the Spanish.)

YES oft I attend with pensive delight
 The couch where, in sickness, my Leila reclin'd
 And oft by the aid of the Lady of Night,
 In her beautiful eye,—still unfadingly bright,—
 Marked each image that dwelt in her mind:
 There affection and sorrow, together were blended—
 The tears of regret, with the glances of love;
 Regret—that so soon she must leave unbefriended,
 The lord of her bosom in sadness to rove.
 One eve, as she rested her head on my breast,—
 Can I cease to remember that moment? No, never
 On my lips with wild fervor a kiss she imprest,
 Then sunk to repose on my bosom for ever!
 For scarce had I tasted the sorrowful bliss
 When her heart ceased its throbbing, and dim grew
 her eye:—
 And I found that my lips had entomb'd her last sigh;
 That her spirit had fled with the kiss!

ARION.

TO *****.

"Je ne change qu'en mourant."

CAN I forget the hours of bliss
 That fled with love and thee?—
 Can I forget the parting kiss
 Thy fondness dealt to me?—
 Can I forget the tender ties
 That bind our souls together—
 Thy last sad looks—thy farewell sighs,
 And prove my "faith a feather?"

No, no, the dove its plume may change—
The summer rose, its bloom ;—
But mine's a heart that cannot range,
Nor cool—save in the tomb!
No, no, by all the pangs I've proved,
By joys, remembered ever !
I feel, tho' e'en no more beloved,
I could forget thee never.

1814.

ARION.

SONNET TO *****.

NO, not because thy form is fair,
Art thou unto my soul so dear ;
For beauty oft hath met mine eye,
And I have coldly passed it by,
When unenlightened by the glow
Which feeling can alone bestow :—
For, oh ! that face is nought to me
Where beams no sensibility !
Then not because thy form is fair,
Art thou unto my soul so dear ;—
But that I know thy purer mind,
Fraught with each virtue—grace refin'd—
That is on earth to mortals given
To fit them for the sphere of Heaven !

1815.

ARION.

A BRIDAL SERENADE.

BY A MODERN WELSH HARPER.*

WILT thou not awaken, Bride of May,
While flowers are fresh and the sweet bells
chime ?

Listen and learn from my roundelay,
How all Life's pilot-boats sail'd one day—
A match with Time.

Love sat on a lotos-leaf afloat,
And saw old Time in his loaded boat ;
Slowly he cross'd Life's narrow tide,
While Love sat elapping his wings, and cried,
"Who will pass Time ?"

Patience came first, but soon was gone
With helm and sail to help Time on ;
Care and Grief could not lend an oar,
And Prudence said (while he stay'd on shore,)
"I wait for Time !"

Hope filled with flowers her cork-tree-bark,
And lighted its helm with a glow-worm spark :
Then Loye, when he saw her bark fly fast,
Said—"Lingering Time will soon be past !"
Hope out-speeds Time !"

* By the author of *Legends of Lampidosa, &c.*

Wit went nearest old Time to pass,
With his diamond oar and his boat of glass ;
A feathery dart from his store he drew,
And shouted while far and swift it flew—
"O Mirth kills Time !"

But Time sent the feathery arrows back,
Hope's boat of amaranths miss'd its track,
Then Love bade his butterfly pilots move,
And laughing said, "They shall see how Love
Can conquer Time."

His gossamer sails he spread with speed,
But Time has wings when Time has need ;
Swiftly he cross'd Life's sparkling tide,
And only Memory stay'd to chide
Unpitied Time.

Wake and listen then, Bride of May !
Listen and heed thy minstrel's rhyme—
Still for thee some bright hours stay,
For it was a hand like thine, they say,
Gave wings to Time.

V.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

TO the home of my childhood in sorrow I came ;
And I fondly expected to find it the same—
Full of sunshine and joy ; as I thought it to be
In the days when the world was all sunshine to me :
Those scenes were unaltered by time, and I stood
Looking down on the village, half hid by the wood,
That happy abode, where I used to possess
A Father's affection, a Mother's caress.

To others those scenes are as bright as before,
But I can rejoice in their brightness no more ;
I stand in the house of my childhood alone,
For the friends of my childhood are all of them gone.
'Twas joy shared by others—the laugh and the jest,
That gave to this spot all the charms it possest ;
And here the remembrance oppresses me most,
Of all I once valued,—of all I have lost !

How vain was my prayer, that the place might retain
Its delights, if I e'er should behold it again !
Those who made it delightful no longer are near ;
And loneliness seems so unnatural here.
Thus He who in age at a ball-room has been,
Where in youth his gay spirit gave life to the scene,
Still sighs for the fair ones he loved ; and to him
The dance must be cheerless, the brilliancy dim.

Oh ! where are the dreams, ever happy and new ;
And the eye, with felicity always in view ;
And the juvenile thoughtlessness, laughing at fear,
Which reigned in my bosom, when last I was here
And where are the hopes that I used to enjoy,
The hopes of a light-hearted, spirited boy ?
When the present and past had a little of gloom,
As I then thought of finding in moments to come.

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS.

FREDOLFO, Mr. Maturin's new tragedy, comes out next Wednesday at Covent Garden. We hear that it is a little romantic in plot, and often highly poetical in its diction.---*Lit. Gaz.* May 1, 1819.

A third edition has appeared of *Sermons on various Occasions*, by the late FRANCIS WEBB, an elegant preacher in the Unitarian connexion. Their excellent style and sentiments merited the compliment that has thus

been paid them by the public and the author's surviving friends.---*Mon. Mag.*

Sorbutic Acid.---A new vegetable acid has been discovered, to which the above name has been given, in consequence of its being found in the greatest abundance in the mountain ash, and, we presume, other varieties of *Sorbi*. It differs very materially from the Malic Acid, but experiments have not yet sufficiently determined its peculiar properties.